WEEK ENDING FEB. 27, 1926

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A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue

Keeping It From Cuthbert *By* **P. G. Wodehouse**

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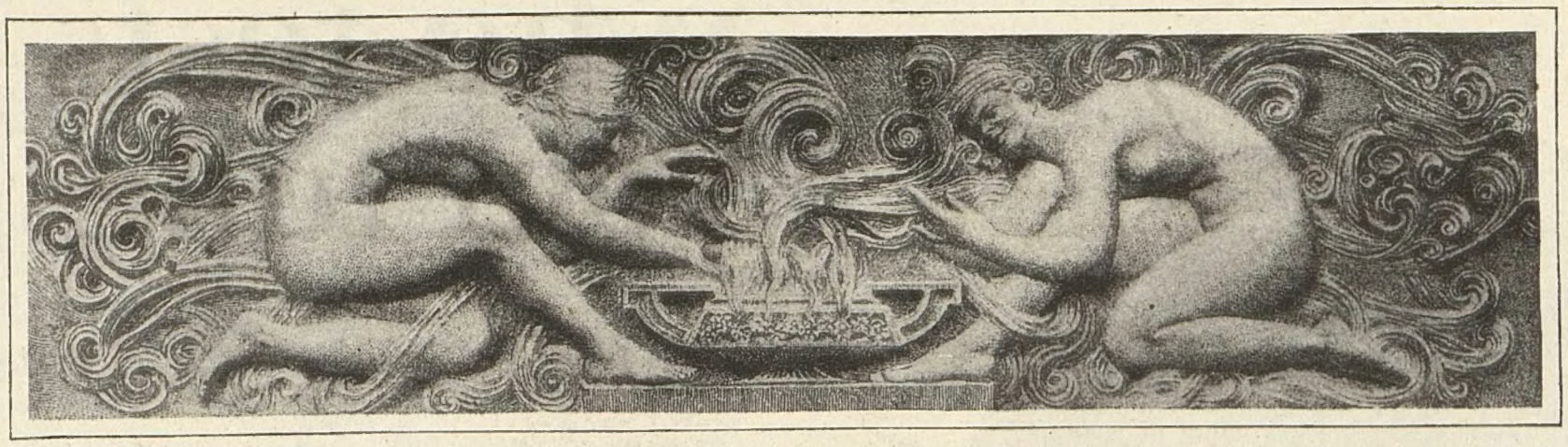

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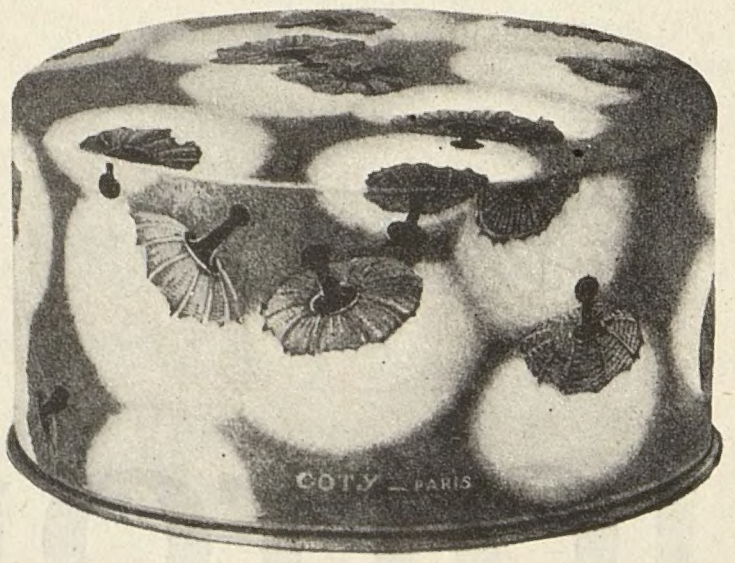

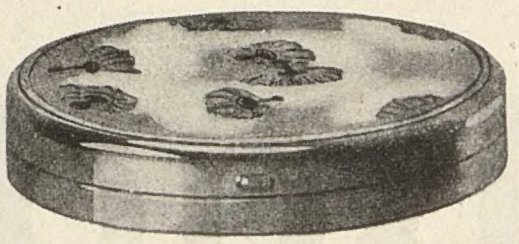

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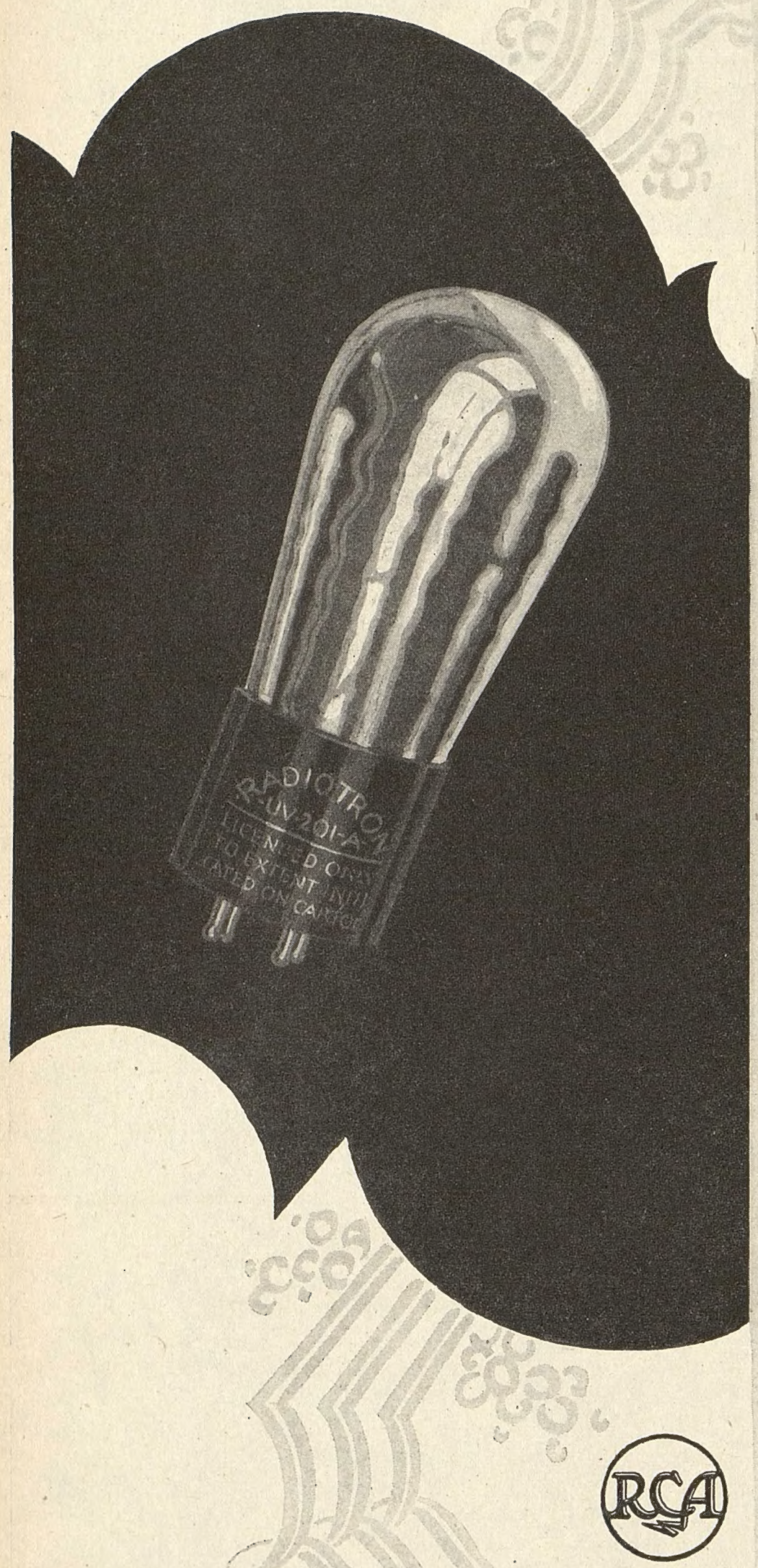

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A Weekly for Everybody

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New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WASHINGTON

Washington, we believe, had the most splendid life ever lived on the American continent—soldier, statesman, and Virginia squire, great in public accomplishment, serene in private retirement.

This editorial space for this week is filled with extracts from his own writings, brief but showing him and his qualities of greatness.

TO GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE of Virginia from Fort Cumberland, Maryland, July 18, 1775, after Braddock's defeat by three hundred French and Indians at Frazier's, seven miles from Pittsburgh: "Our numbers consisted of about thirteen hundred well armed men, chiefly Regulars, who were immediately struck with such an inconceivable panick, that nothing but confusion and disobedience of orders prevailed among them. The officers in general behaved with incomparable bravery. . . . The Virginia companies behaved like men and died like soldiers."

TO MRS. MARTHA CUSTIS, July 20, 1758, on the renewed British movement against Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh), which finally dislodged the French from this part of America: "We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as another Self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend."

TO JAMES WARREN, in Massachusetts, Middlebrook, March 31, 1779: "Our conflict is not likely to cease so soon as every good man would wish. The measure of iniquity is not yet filled; and unless we can return a little more to first principles, and act a little more upon patriotic grounds, I do not know when it will, or what may be the issue of the contest. . . . Is the paltry consideration of a little dirty pelf to individuals to be placed in competition with the essential rights and liberties of the present generation, and of millions yet unborn?"

TO THE GOVERNORS OF ALL THE STATES on the disbanding of the army, from the army headquarters, Newburg, June 8, 1783: "There are four things, which I humbly conceive, are essential to the well being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

"First. An indisoluble union of the states under one federal head.

"Secondly. A sacred regard to public justice.

"Thirdly. The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and,

"Fourthly. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community."

SPEECH TO CONGRESS, Dec. 3, 1793, (when France and Great Britain were at war): "There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation for weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

FROM THE FAREWELL ADDRESS: "Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections."

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

News for Thrill-Lovers

EDWARD KNOBLOCK, famous playwright, has written a blood-stirring story of a man who lost his soul in the struggle for a woman. It's called THE T'ANG MIRROR.

JOHN J. MCGRAW in an article called INSIDE BASEBALL gives a play-by-play analysis of an actual game between the Giants and Pittsburgh, revealing the secret tactics he uses in critical contests.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, in MASQUE-BALL, weaves a charming and romantic tale of a girl and a borrowed dress.

The story of CLARENCE DILLON, one of the most romantic figures in American business today, is told by WALTER DAVENPORT.

There's a gripping article called THEIR BIGGEST KICK IN THE WAR, an amusing discussion of BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—WHICH WINS? and many other notable features.

February 27, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 2, No. 43

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Keeping It *from* Cuthbert

The second in a new series of stories by this famous author written exclusively for Liberty

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Cuthbert Was Such a Nice Boy and So Refined That His Conduct Was Certainly a Shock to Everybody

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

HE cleared his throat and fixed his eyes upon the chandelier.

"MA!"

"Yes, dearie?"

Mrs. Bramble looked up, beaming with fat-headed amiability. She was the stupidest woman in South London, and one of the best tempered. A domestic creature, wrapped up in Bill, her husband, and Cuthbert, her son. At the present moment only the latter was with her. He sat on the other side of the table, his lips gravely pursed and his eyes a trifle cloudy behind their spectacles. Before him on the tablecloth lay an open book. His powerful brain was plainly busy.

"Will you hear me my poetry, ma?"

Mrs. Bramble took the book.

"Yes, mother will hear you, precious."

A slight frown flickered across Cuthbert Bramble's lofty brow. He disliked his mother's habit of referring to herself in the third person when in conference with him, as if she were addressing a mere child instead of a young man of ten who knew the Kings of Judah by heart. However, he administered no verbal reproof. He cleared his throat and fixed his eyes upon the chandelier.

"'Be good, sweet maid,'" he began, with the toneless rapidity affected by the young man when reciting poetry, "'and let who will be clever'—clever, oh, yes—'Do noble things, not dream them'—dream them, oh, yes—'dream them all day long; And so make life, death, and that vast f'rever, One'—oh, yes—'grand, sweet song.' Now I'll do my Scripture."

Mrs. Bramble regarded him fondly. A Boy Scout, had one been present, would have been struck by the extraordinary resemblance to a sheep gloating over its young.

"You do study so hard, dearie, you'll go giving yourself a headache. Why don't you go for a nice walk for half an hour and come back nice and fresh? It's a nice evening and you could do your Scripture nicely when you come back."

The spectacled child considered the sugges-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEEPING IT FROM CUTHBERT
Continued from Page Seven]

tion gravely. Then, nodding, he arranged his books in readiness for his return and went out.

The front door closed with a decorous softness.

It was a constant source of amazement to Mrs. Bramble that she should have brought such a prodigy as Cuthbert into the world. He was so different from ordinary children—so devoted to his books, such a model of behavior, so altogether admirable. The only trouble was that this very perfection of his was in a way a drawback, for it had made necessary a series of evasions and even deliberate falsehoods on the part of herself and her husband, highly distasteful to both. They were lovers of truth, but they had realized that there are times when truth must be sacrificed.

AT any cost the facts concerning Mr. Bramble's profession must be kept from Cuthbert.

When he was a baby it had not mattered. But when he began to move about and take notice, Mrs. Bramble had said to Mr. Bramble, "Bill, we must keep it from Cuthbert."

A little later, when the boy had taken two prizes at his Sunday-school, the rector, meeting Mr. Bramble one morning, said nervously—for, after all, it was a delicate subject: "Er—Bramble, I think, on the whole, it would be as well to—er—to keep it from Cuthbert."

And only the other day Mrs. Bramble's brother, Major Percy Stokes of the South London Army of Faith, Hope, and Charity, dropping in for a cup of tea, had said: "I hope you're keeping it from Cuthbert. It's the least you can do," and had gone on to make some remarks about men of wrath which, considering that his cheeks were glistening with Mr. Bramble's buttered toast, were in poor taste. But Percy was like that.

Mr. Bramble had fallen in with the scheme with demur. In private life he was the mildest and most obliging of men and always yielded to everybody. An excellent fellow, whom nobody could help liking. Which made it all the greater pity that his walk in life was of such a nature that it simply had to be kept from Cuthbert.

For the trouble was that William Bramble was a professional pugilist. And, what made it even sadder, a professional pugilist operating under the inelegant pseudonym of Young Porky. You simply can't go to a boy who has just taken the Junior Scripture prize and tell him a thing like that. It has to be kept from him.

So Cuthbert grew in stature and intelligence without a suspicion of the identity of the square-jawed man with the irregularly shaped nose who shared his red-brick semi-detached home. And time slipped by.

Mrs. Bramble, left alone, resumed work on the sock which she was darning. For the first time since Cuthbert had reached years of intelligence she was easy in her mind about the future.

A week from tonight would see the end of all her anxieties. On that day Bill would fight his last fight, the twenty-round contest with the Frenchman, Dubois, for which he was now training at the Ship and Anchor down the road.

He had promised that it should be his last appearance. He was getting on—thirty-one next birthday; and he very sensibly said that it was better to chuck the game before it chucked him.

His idea was to retire from active work and try for a job as instructor at one of these big schools or colleges. It seemed to Mrs. Bramble that all might now be considered well. She smiled with placid happiness as she darned her sock.

HER meditations were interrupted by a knock at the front door. Footsteps made themselves heard along the passage. The door opened. The head and shoulders of Major Percy Stokes insinuated themselves into the room.

The Major cocked a mild blue eye at her.

"Cuthbert anywhere about?"

"He's gone for a nice walk. Whatever brings you here, Percy, so late?"

The representative of the South London Army of Faith, Hope, and Charity made no answer. He withdrew his head. His voice, without, said "All right." He then reappeared, this time in his entirety, and remained holding the door open. More footsteps in the passage and through the doorway, in a sideways fashion suggestive of a diffident crab, came a short, sturdy, red-headed man with a broken nose and a propitiatory smile, at the sight of whom Mrs. Bramble, dropping her sock, rose as if impelled by powerful machinery.

"Bill!"

Mr. Bramble scratched his head, grinned feebly, and looked for assistance to the Major.

"A brand from the burning," explained that gentleman.

"That's right," said Mr. Bramble. "That's me."

"The scales have fallen from his eyes."

"R!" said Mr. Bramble, obviously pleased at the neat phrase.

"What scales?" demanded Mrs. Bramble, a literal-minded woman. "And what are you doing here, Bill, when you ought to be at the Ship and Anchor, training?"

"That's just what I'm telling you," said Percy. "I been wrestling with Bill and I been vouchsafed the victory."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Bramble, with uncomplimentary astonishment, letting her gaze wander over her brother's weedy form.

"I BEEN vouchsafed the victory," repeated the Major. "It was 'ard work, but did I falter? No, I did not falter. There were moments when it didn't seem 'ardly possible I could bring it off, but was I down-'earted? No, I was not down-'earted. I wrote him letters and I sent him tracts. I tried to wrestle with 'im in speech, too, but there was a man of wrath, a son of Belial in a woolen jersey and a derby hat, who come at me, using horrible language, and told me to stand still while he broke my neck and dropped me in the ash-can."

"Jerry Fisher's a hard nut," said Mr. Bramble apologetically.

"After that I kept away. But I wrote the letters and I sent the tracts. Bill, which of the tracts was it that snatched you from the primrose path?"

"It wasn't so much the tracts, Perce. It was what you wrote about Cuthbert. You see, Jane——"

"Perhaps you'll kindly allow me to get a word in edgeways, you two," said Mrs. Bramble with heat. "You can stop talking for half an instant, Percy, if you know how, while Bill tells me what he's here for when he ought to be at the Ship and Anchor with Mr. Fisher, doing his bit of training."

Mr. Bramble met her eye and blinked awkwardly.

"I've come home, Jane."

"Glory!" exclaimed the Major. "R! We

"MA, will you hear me my piece of poetry again? I think I've forgotten it."

may be sinful sheep, wandering in the wilderness, but we can all come 'ome. We——"

"Percy, if you don't keep quiet, I'll forget I'm your sister and let you have one. What do you mean, Bill, you've come home? Isn't there going to be the fight next week, after all?"

"The fight's over," said the Major joyfully. "And Bill 'as won, with me seconding 'im."

"I'm not going to fight, Jane," said Mr. Bramble in a small voice.

"You're not going—!"

"He's seen the error of his ways," said Percy the resilient. "That's what he's gone and done. At the eleventh hour it has been vouchsafed to me to snatch the brand from the burning. Oh, I have waited for this 'appy moment. I 'ave watched for it. I——"

Mrs. Bramble stared, her heart sinking. She was not an intelligent woman, but she grasped the position of affairs at last, and she told herself that she might have expected something like this.

"Let me get at 'im!" begged the intruder, struggling to free himself from Mr. Bramble's restraining arms.

HER brother's persuasiveness was a byword. Once he had wrought so successfully with an emotional publican in East Dulwich that the latter had started then and there to give all he had to the poor, beginning with his stock in trade. Seven policemen had almost failed to handle the situation.

"You're not going to fight? Then how about the money?"

"What's money?" said the Major scornfully.

"You ought to know," said Mrs. Bramble. "You've borrowed enough of it from me in your time."

The Major waved a hand in wounded silence. It was true that from time to time a certain amount of dross had passed from her hands to his, but this harping on the fact was indelicate and unsisterly.

"How about the money? Goodness knows, I've never liked your profession, Bill, but there's this to be said for it—it's earned you good money and made us able to give Cuthbert as good an education as any duke ever had, I'm sure. The money you'd have got for this fight would 'ave let us finish him off proper and give him a better start in life than you or me ever 'ad, and now you let this Percy come over you with his foolish talk, and now I don't know what will 'appen."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Even Percy seemed at a loss for speech in this stricken home. Mrs. Bramble began to sob. Mr. Bramble shuffled his feet uncomfortably.

"Talking of Cuthbert," said Mr. Bramble at length, "that's really the 'ole thing. That's really what you might call the gist——"

"Jist," interpolated the Major.

"Jist," said Mr. Bramble, "—the jist of the thing. It 'adn't 'ardly struck me till Perce pointed it out, but this fight with this Dewboys, being as you might say a kind of national affair, in a way of speaking, might lead to there being a piece about me in the *Mail*, with a photograph of me. And you know Cuthbert reads his *Mail* regular. And then, don't you see, the fat would be in the fire. You see, Jane——"

There was a knock at the door.

A little, ferret-faced man in a woolen sweater and cycling knickerbockers entered, removing as he did so a somewhat battered derby hat.

"BEG pardon, Mrs. Bramble," he said, "coming in like this. Found the front door on the jar, so came in to ask if you'd 'appened to have seen——"

He broke off and stood staring wildly at the little group.

"I thought so!" he said, and shot through the air toward Percy.

"Jerry!" said Bill.

"Mr. Fisher!" said Mrs. Bramble.

"Be reasonable," said the Major, diving underneath the table and coming up the other side like a performing seal.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEEPING IT FROM CUTHBERT
Continued from Page Nine]

"Let me get at 'im!" begged the intruder, struggling to free himself from Mr. Bramble's restraining arms.

Mrs. Bramble rapped on the table.

"Kindly remember there's a lady present, Mr. Fisher."

"I only want to break 'is neck."

"Not in my 'ouse," said Mrs. Bramble. She spoke a little wistfully, for there was much in the scheme that appealed to her.

JERRY FISHER sighed.

"It's 'ard," he said. "But I suppose it's not to be. If you say so, Mrs. B, I suppose I mustn't put an 'ead on 'im. But it's 'ard. Bill, you come back along of me to the Ship and Anchor. I'm surprised at you. Ashamed of you, I am."

Mr. Bramble looked at his brother-in-law miserably.

"You tell him," he said.

"You tell him, Jane," said the Major.

"I won't," said Mrs. Bramble.

"Tell him what?" asked the puzzled trainer. A sudden thought blanched his face. "You 'aven't been 'aving a glass of beer, Bill?"

"No, no, Jerry. Not me. It's only that——"

"Well?"

"It's only that I'm not going to fight on Monday."

"What!"

"Bill has seen a sudden bright light," said Major Percy, edging a few inches to the left, in order to bring the table exactly between the trainer and himself. "At the eleventh hour he has turned from his wicked ways."

"It's true, Jerry," said Bill unhappily. "I been thinking it over and I'm not going to fight on Monday."

"Hallelujah!" said the Major tactlessly.

Jerry Fisher's face was a study in violent emotions.

"I'm sorry, Jerry," said Bill. "I know it's hard on you. But I've got to think of Cuthbert. This fight with Dew-boys being what you might call a kind of national affair, in a way of speaking, there might be a photograph of me in the *Mail*, and Cuthbert reads his *Mail* regular. We've been keeping it from 'im all these years that I'm in the profession, and we dursen't let him know now. He would die of shame, Jerry, if he knew that his father was a leather-pusher."

Tears appeared in Mr. Fisher's eyes.

"Bill, you're off your head. Think of the purse."

"R!" said Mrs. Bramble.

"Think of all the swells that's coming to see you. Think of what the paper'll say. Think of me."

"I know, Jerry. But Cuthbert?"

"Think of all the trouble you've took getting into condition."

"I know. But Cuth——"

"You can't not fight on Monday."

"But Cuthbert, Jerry. He'd die of the disgrace of it. He ain't like you and me, Jerry. He's a little gentleman. He sings in the choir, and only the Sunday before last the senior curate patted 'is 'ead. I got to think of Cuthbert."

"What about me, pa?" said a youthful voice at the door, and Bill's honest blood froze at the sound. His jaw fell and he goggled dumbly.

There, his spectacles gleaming in the gaslight, his cheeks glowing with the exertion of the nice walk, his eyebrows slightly elevated with surprise, stood Cuthbert in person.

"Hullo, pa! Hullo, Uncle Percy! Somebody's left the front door open. What were you saying about thinking about me, pa? Ma, will you hear me my piece of poetry again? I think I've forgotten it."

The four adults surveyed the innocent child in silence. On the faces of three of them consternation was written. In the eyes of the fourth, Mr. Fisher, there glittered the nasty, steely expression of the good man wronged who sees his way to getting a bit of his own back.

Mr. Fisher's was not an unmixedly chivalrous nature. He considered that he had been badly treated, and what he wanted most at the moment was revenge.

"So you're Cuthbert, are you, Tommy?" he said in a metallic voice. "You're Cuthbert, are you, that there's been so much talk about? Then just you listen here a minute."

"Jerry," cried Bill, advancing, "you keep your mouth shut, or I'll dot you one!"

Mr. Fisher's simple response to the father's

"Er—Bramble, I think, on the whole, it would be as well to—er—to keep it from Cuthbert."

cry was to retreat and grasp a chair. He swung it over his head.

"You better!" he said curtly.

"Mr. Fisher, do be a gentleman," entreated Mrs. Bramble.

"My dear sir!" There was a crooning winningness in Percy's voice. "My dear sir, do nothing hasty. Think before you speak. Don't go and be so silly as to act like a muttonhead. I'd be ashamed to be so spiteful. Respect a father's feelings."

"Tommy," said Mr. Fisher, ignoring them all, "listen to me for 'alf a minute. Do you know what your father is? 'E's a perfessional fighting man, doing his eight stone four ringside, and known to all the heads as Young Porky. That's what your father is, Tommy, my boy."

BILL sank into a chair. He could see Cuthbert's round eyes staring at him.

"I'd never have thought it of you, Jerry," he said. "If anyone had of come to me and told me you could have acted so raw, I'd have dotted him one."

"And if anyone," retorted Mr. Fisher with spirit, "had of come to me and told me I should live to see the day when you broke training a week before a fight, I'd have given him one for 'imself."

"Cuthbert, my lad," said Percy, "you mustn't think none the worse of your pa for having been a man of wrath. He 'adn't seen the sudden bright light then. It's all over now. He's give it up forever, and there's no cause for you to feel ashamed."

Bill seized gratefully on the point.

"That's right, Cuthbert. I've give it up. I was to 'ave fought a Frenchman named Dew-boys at the National next Monday, but I ain't going to now, not if they come to me on their bended knees; not if the King of England come to me on his bended knees."

Cuthbert drew a deep breath.

"Oh?" he said shrilly, "Oh, aren't you? Then, I say, what about my half-crown?"

"Half-crown?"

"The two and a bender I betted a chap at Sunday-school that Dubois wouldn't last ten rounds."

He looked round the room wrathfully.

"It's thick," he said in the crisp, gentlemanly voice of which his parents were so proud. "It's jolly thick, that's what it is. A chap takes the trouble to study form and saves his pocket money to have a bit on a good thing, and then he goes and gets let down like this. It may be funny to you, but I call it thick.

"And another thing, pa. I call it thick you having kept it from me all this time that you were Young Porky. I call that jolly thick.

"There's a chap at Sunday-school who goes about swanking because he once got Jimmy Wilde's autograph. Fellows look up to him most awfully, and all the time they might have been doing it to me.

"That's what makes me madder than a wet hen.

"How long do you suppose the chaps would go on calling me 'Goggles' because I have to wear specs, if they knew my father was Young Porky? They'd chuck it tomorrow and look up to me most awfully. I do call it thick.

"And chucking it up like this is the limit. What do you want to do it for? Why, if you beat Dubois, they'll have to give you the next chance with Sid Sampson for the Lonsdale belt. Dubois beat Ted Richards, and Ted beat the Ginger Nut, and the Ginger Nut only lost to Sid Sampson on a foul, and you beat Ted Richards, so they couldn't help letting you have next go at Sid."

THE only person among those present who seemed capable of speech at the close of this harangue was Mr. Fisher. He beamed approval.

"If I've told your pa that once, I've told him a hundred times. You certainly know a thing or two, Tommy."

Cuthbert waved the compliment aside deprecatingly.

"Well, of course, I've studied form ever since I was a kid," he said modestly. "All the chaps in our Sunday-school are frightfully keen. One chap's got a snapshot of Gene Tunney. At least, he says it's Gene Tunney, but I believe it's just some ordinary fellow. Anyhow, it's jolly blurred, so it might be anyone.

"Pa, can't you give me a picture of yourself boxing, and sign it? I could swank like anything. And you don't know how sick a chap gets of having chaps call him 'Goggles.'"

"Bill," said Mr. Fisher, "you and me had better be getting back to the Ship and Anchor."

Bill rose and followed him to the door without a word.

"Ma!" said Cuthbert.

Mrs. Bramble started convulsively.

"Yes, dearie?"

Cuthbert had seated himself at the table. The animated expression which had been on his face as he discussed the relative merits of Sid Sampson and the Ginger Nut had given place to the abstracted gravity of the student.

"Will you hear me my poetry, ma?"

Mrs. Bramble took the book.

"Yes, mother will hear you, precious."

Cuthbert fixed his eyes upon the chandelier.

"'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever'—clever, oh, yes—'Do noble things——'"

THE END

A True Story about A Real Suicide Club

How "Red" Sheppard of the Salvation Army Is Saving the Lives of Derelicts

By *Walter Davenport*

"READ that one," said Red Sheppard. It was a brief letter from a clergyman, neatly typed on nice, heavy notepaper at the top of which was engraved "The Parsonage" in prim block letters. The writer, whose name was subscribed in thin, colorless penmanship, just thanked Red Sheppard for something or other and inquired pedantically as to Red's health.

"Doesn't mean much to you, does it?" inquired Red with a smile.

"Sort of smug," I ventured tentatively.

"Smug?" grinned Red. "Well, I haven't seen him for several years, and it may be that he's assumed that attitude just to cover up his past or one phase of his past. Why, that excellent gentleman was the charter member of our Suicide Club."

Captain J. Stanley Sheppard, chief of the Prisons Department for the Salvation Army in New York City, commonly known as Red, has that flair for the dramatic which seems necessary in successful revivalists and soul salvagers. It was clear that he was going to tell the story of the Suicide Club and its charter member, but not before he had set up the proper background.

The Captain bade me follow him and observe closely the men he would speak to in a tour of the Salvation Army barracks in West Fourteenth Street, New York City. I was asked to look for scars and wounds in the necks and heads of the men but to give no sign that I was particularly interested.

"We're for saving men and women, not destroying them," says Captain J. Stanley Sheppard.

Before we returned to Red's office I had seen four men with long scars across their throats. One of them had cut himself from jaw-angle to jaw-angle. How he survived puzzled me. There was a man with most of his right ear blown away. His hand had shaken so that he was unable to hold the gun so that the bullet would drill his skull. Another was minus his left arm and his face was awry. He had thrown himself in front of a subway train.

"Members," said Red. "Just a few of them. The others are scattered from here to San Francisco, working hard and voluntarily

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A TRUE STORY ABOUT A REAL SUICIDE CLUB]
Continued from Page Eleven

reporting progress. The majority of them have no outward and visible scars. You see, we're anxious to get them just before they attempt suicide, because too often they make a success of the effort."

It isn't a club in the sense that the members foregather at stated intervals and elect officers and listen to tales of woe from chairmen of house committees. Red Sheppard is the active head of the body, which you couldn't by any manner of means call an organization. The members sit in no nicely polished windows reading respectable journals, unless, of course, the windows are their own. And Red doesn't hold office because he has ever contemplated killing himself. But this is the way of it and how it came into being:

ONE ghastly night several years ago Red Sheppard was presiding at a gospel meeting in the Fourteenth Street barracks, working hard for Jesus. He was having singular success, as is his habit and reputation. On the benches before him was a sodden crew, cold with the night and wet with the snow and sleet. While Red and Captain Lily Smith, at the piano, sang of the less dismal themes offered by the hymnal, a squad of old-timers went about with scoops of scalding coffee.

Into the hall came a bundle of wet rags moving on two thin legs and topped with a hatless head which, to Red, seemed instinctively to fight off the desire to droop. The ravages of all the weaknesses of humanity marred the face which had defensively assumed an attempt at a sneer.

This man surveyed the miserable crowd in the benches. The sneer hardened as he looked at the abject heads, and he hesitated, as if to leave. But weariness mastered him and he flopped with a splash upon a bench removed from the others. He took a cup of coffee without thanks. It revived him and he struggled straight and sat there, with the sneer coming easier and something very near arrogance in his eyes.

"Joe," said Red to a fellow worker, "take the meeting for a while. I'm going to have a go at the hard-boiled lad yonder. He looks as if he had something on his mind."

"My friend," said he to the owner of the sneer, "you've come into a place where we mind the other fellow's business. Now if there's anything I can do for you, I wish you'd name it, because I'm in the right humor."

"Nothing," said the stranger. "As soon as I'm warm enough to move I'll be strong enough to get going once more, away from here."

Commonplace sentiments, and Red had heard them before. But the man spoke with a tongue not common at such meetings. There was culture in the voice and training in the stranger's manner.

"Very well," said Red. "I'll leave you alone. I'm not going to force anything on you. I haven't anything to sell. But if you're going any distance, old man, you'd better have a little something to eat. And you ought to have a hat and an overcoat. Wait a minute."

And Red got an overcoat and a hat, and handed them to the outcast.

"And now suppose you have a little food," suggested Red. "You'd be surprised the good it would do you."

"No," was the reply, "I haven't far to go. Maybe I've gone as far as I need now, only you're a well meaning soul and I won't make a mess for you. I guess I'll be going."

"Are you going to do it with a gun?" inquired Red.

"Just what is that to you?"

"Nothing in particular, except that I'm wondering why you make a journey of it. Isn't one place as good as another for suicide? Especially a night like this. What's the matter? Trying to walk up courage?"

Red stood close to his man, ready to take the gun away if, thus goaded, the wreck tried it there. Red has hard, earnest eyes, a shock-absorbing jaw, and the shoulders and arms of a healthy gorilla. There's a sweetly solemn sock in either of Red's hairy fists.

"You're partly right," said the stranger. "I'm desperate enough, but I'm short of courage. That's another reason why it's the only thing left for me to do. Morale all gone along with everything else."

"Take your time," said Red Sheppard. "Time doesn't mean anything to you now. Honestly, I'm more interested in you than I ought to be in a quitter. But you're out of the ordinary run. Where did you learn to talk? Well educated?"

"Oxford," said the stranger. "I come from Kent, England. My father's a clergyman. That ought to interest you. So am I. That ought to amaze you."

"No," sighed Red; "nothing amazes me. But first let's eat and have a good talk."

It was ten o'clock. Red and the stranger talked until midnight. And then Red got to his feet and said:

"Now, old man, if you're still bent on going down to the dock and shooting yourself so that you'll fall into the water and vanish, I'll go with you. I'll go down there and watch. I'll bet you won't do it. Several things have changed your mind. One is that you've got your troubles off your chest. Another is that your troubles aren't half as big as you think they are. Furthermore, I offer you a simple method of beating back to decency. Finally, you are feeling better now, and you, a man of education and reason, understand that nothing you may have done will hurt your family half as much as a cowardly death. Also, nothing will give them so much to be proud of as your fight up again."

"Do you know what he did then?" Red asked me. "Well, he handed me his gun and walked up to the platform. He prayed first, and I hope I'm not out of bounds when I say that I don't think that Jesus Christ on the Mount of Olives prayed to His Father with fiercer passion than this Britisher did. He didn't ask God for a thing. All he did was to show God his bleary soul, and then he stopped. God knew better than he what he needed, and God was listening. He's got his fine church today. He has a mission, too, for men and women who've got out of step. Also, he's running a very successful branch of our Suicide Club, to which he subscribes half his salary."

Red Sheppard's Suicide Club grew from that. Every week or so, in the personal columns of the newspapers, you will see little notices to would-be suicides—that anybody contemplating destroying himself should apply first to the Salvation Army in Fourteenth Street.

"AT first," said Red, "that sounds silly. If a man is in such dire mental straits that he sees no way out except killing himself, why should he come to the Salvation Army? Unless he is completely crazy he must know that we won't help him do it. We're for saving men and women, not destroying them.

"But you'd be surprised the returns we get. If you but knew it, there's a No Man's Land in the lives of human beings. Your life may be the conventional hill and dale, and you take your ups and downs with what philosophy you have. But there are those who come to that part of the road that is far too low, far too cold, much too miserable in every way for them. They are in debt. They have committed some crime. They have lost their friends. They are entirely surrounded by enemies—the police, their accusers, their erstwhile friends. Shame, remorse, confusion beset them.

"And they contemplate dodging it all by dying. Dying is easy. A single shot or a slash or a noose or a dose of poison. Oh, very easy. It is to men in such despondency that our advertisements call.

"Beyond that is beyond us—beyond other human agencies. When men or women have got farther into the morass they lose their reason entirely.

"Generally speaking, there are three reasons why men kill themselves—money, domestic troubles, and social conditions. The women's chief causes are trouble at home or the lack of a home, illegitimate motherhood (actual or impending), and the conjunction of a

Salvation Army members holding a meeting on the beach at Coney Island, while a big crowd watches them from the boardwalk.

realization of approaching old age and the awakening of conscience.

"A woman will show greater fortitude in the face of physical disaster than a man, but she'll cave in quicker under mental and moral pressure. The man can stand quite a little mental torture, but will surrender quicker to the loss of his accustomed creature comforts. In other words, a man will kill himself for physical reasons and a woman for mental."

"How many would-be suicides have your advertisements brought you?"

"We don't know. A great many whom we suspect of harboring such intentions will come in to the meetings and to me privately and talk, talk, talk. If a man or woman can get their troubles off their chests and pour them into a sympathetic ear they feel better and, feeling better, they are less morbid.

"And there is this curious phase to such people: They are terribly ashamed of having such desires or contemplations. A man will confess the most abject of sins almost glibly, but he'll bridle and stammer and sometimes furiously deny planning suicide. This is true, likewise, of the woman.

"Occasionally they will come in, saying, 'See here, you say that you can help poor, damned souls like mine. Well, help me. If you don't I'm going to kill myself.' Such persons are easier to handle than those who are ashamed of the notion of suicide. They are not so far gone into the Twilight Zone as the silent, noncommital ones. They really hope something can be done to dissuade them, and they are not going to put much in the way of him who would attempt it.

"And you can't begin on the intended suicide by preaching religion to him. What he or she needs is physical sustenance first. The very fact that these persons considering suicide come here is proof enough that they hope to be saved from themselves, isn't it? The easiest way of handling them is to warm their bodies, fill their stomachs, clothe them, and let them rest. Then you can talk God to them. That, unfortunately, is the way of humanity. God comes last with them. They put off God, the only power that can save them, until their bodies are comfortable. But that's the way God made them and that's the way we take them. After all, a man can't eat a prayer or drink a passage from the Scriptures, can he?

"No, I can't tell you how many men and women we may have diverted from suicide. It's not a thing you can keep statistics on, because a great many don't actually want to go through with it, but are at such extremities that if they don't get some sort of immediate relief they'll do it in sheer desperation."

"Do you get any fakers?" I asked. "It seems to me that your advertisements would fetch quite a few who haven't the most remote intentions of killing themselves but would like the help you extend to the sincere ones."

"I suppose so," he said. "It's entirely likely. But we've got to take them along with the rest. Better to err on the right side, although if I was sure a man was a raw faker and just using up the time, the help, and the care a real unfortunate needed, I'd—I'd feel like—well, I'd like to——"

"You look as if you might be able to," I said.

Red believes in the direct attack. Some weeks ago he won a battle over a man who, when Red asked him whether he was ready to face the hereafter with the guilt of self-murder on his soul, said:

"Ah. can that hereafter stuff. There's nothing to that. If I've got to take your religious bunk with your food and clothes and help, I'm off you. I want help, not preaching."

"All right," said Red. "Have it your own way. Let's match beliefs. I'll see that you're put in good physical shape. We'll get you a job and see that you get a fair start upward. Then you go to it and put all your faith in what philosophy you have, or whatever it is, and you come back in a month and let me know how things go. But remember, you're a pretty weak vessel. And also remember that the God I work for is a long-suffering and very tolerant God. Maybe you'll want to give Him a trial."

Captain "Red" Sheppard speaking to men in the Salvation Army headquarters.

The scoffer did come back. He had lost the job, the clothes, and his sneer.

"I'm licked, captain," he said. "I sort of depended on reason—brains, see? But I guess I ain't got enough. I'm licked. What do you want me to do?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Well, I'd like to try your religion. Y'see, a guy's got to have something."

"He's making good," said Red Sheppard. "Steady as a ferry boat ever since. He has appointed himself a scout for the club. Two or three times a week he goes down to his old haunts and digs up somebody who thinks he has reached the end of his string. He fetches them around, telling them that he wants them to try what we gave him. Well, so long. Come around and join us some night when you're feeling low."

THE END

Vamps *NOT* Wanted *in* Big Offices

Girls Dolled Up Like Stage Stars Are Considered a Menace to Business

By

Eileen Bourne

Picture by RUSSELL PATTERSON

WHATEVER may be said about the big butter-and-egg man's taste in ladies for his evening, if he is a *big* b.-and-e. man, his mind, like the minds of all his successful business brethren, is cast in a strictly conventional mold about the women who surround him in his business hours.

He wants them business looking. None of your painted dolls or willful vamps in the cold, unsentimental hours of dollars and cents balanced against accredited labor and full value received.

Whether he is making his money in butter and eggs, in stocks and bonds, in automobiles, insurance, or what not, he wants the organization with which he surrounds himself to give the impression that it is strictly a business establishment — not a theatrical agency nor an amusement center.

How large a part is played in this conventional daytime taste by that well known axiom about man's love being a thing apart, we know not.

But it might serve as a very good reason for business men's objections to sex's intruding its wiles in the blondined young person with vermilion lips and painted cheeks and dress suggestive of a more leisurely hour.

Proverbs are built on a multiplication of human experiences. So, when it is said that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is simply the reiteration of an obvious fact with particular application to the Company the business man keeps—and although the successful business man may not know the proverb he knows his business.

Successful business is built on three most important things—finding the best possible help, producing the best possible work, and securing the best possible effects.

The business girl is considered from all three angles. Her appearance plays no small part in contributing to the best or worst possible effect of the office.

It does not follow that because a young woman employee bedecks herself in vivid and extreme raiment, goes in violently for jewelry and ornaments, and covers herself with powders, paints, and perfumes that she lacks intelligence and the ability to do her day's work in an effective manner.

This type of girl is often enterprising, capable, and resourceful; but she must be kept carefully hidden behind files or in secluded spots, for she does not give a conservative tone to the office or form a fitting background for the modern business men.

Obviously, she has bad taste and cannot qualify as one who enhances the atmosphere in which she works.

For this reason, men—that is, substantial business men—do not want women around their establishment whose general make-up would better serve to decorate a musical-comedy scene.

They do not want to be mistaken for theatrical producers or casting directors when their success depends upon a display of good business sense.

Nickolas Muray Photo

Her appearance has no small part in contributing to the effect of the office.

[Continued on page 17]

TASTE THEM IN ALL THEIR GLORY IN THIS TOMATO SOUP!

The harvest for Campbell's Tomato Soup

Nature smiles her sunniest on the tomato. Upon it she lavishes her gifts. Within it she stores the food that invigorates. She enriches it with pure tonic juices and luscious "meat". She gives it a brilliant color and a skin of velvet.

But Campbell's have glorified the tomato—grown it on their own great farms to a new perfection, aided a host of other growers to produce a finer yield.

And then this rich harvest is transformed, at the deft hands of Campbell's famous chefs, into as tempting and delicious a treat as ever spoon brought to your lips.

12 cents a can

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Of course, it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato Soup!

Take One Home and Watch Your Welcome!
Smiling faces and happy hearts will reward you for taking home a Baby Ruth Keepsake Cedar Chest.
These beautiful chests are made of genuine red Tennessee cedar, with high gloss piano finish and artistic copper trimmings.
America's Finest Candy
Each is packed to the brim with over three pounds of delicious Baby Ruth candy—24 crunchy, munchy bars of delight with opera cream centers filled with freshly roasted peanuts, melt-in-your-mouth caramel, and all covered o'er with lusciously rich chocolate.
After the candy treat, the Keepsake Chest may be used for years as a jewel box, handkerchief case, work box, doll clothes chest or trinket safe.
When you see it you'll wonder how so much goodness and utility could possibly be sold for $3.
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO—NEW YORK
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
KEEPSAKE CEDAR CHEST
At all Candy Counters-
Conservative Value
$5.00
$3.00
HIGHER IN THE WEST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Knowing something about this phase of business psychology, perhaps the young woman applicant rejected at a banking house recently, with the fatherly admonition that she had better not apply elsewhere until she had washed off the superfluous make-up, would have understood her failure.

The edicts which were promulgated in many business offices against bobbed hair when that mode first came into being are an illuminating guide to the determination of many personnel departments to lay tremendous emphasis on what they are pleased to consider the proprieties and to follow, as closely as circumstances permit, the canons of good taste.

True, these sweeping bobbed-hair restrictions have by now fallen largely into disrepute and have had, in most cases, to be rescinded by their framers, but there are still many establishments where the shearing of locks means a severance of business relations.

A certain small firm made an application to a bank for a loan. Investigators were put on the trail. They went to the plant to look the situation over. They were greeted at the information desk by a knee-skirted young thing with bleached hair, mascaraed eyes, vermilion lips, and scarlet cheeks.

This young woman directed them to the manager's office; from whence emerged, notebook in hand, a day edition of a cafe entertainer in form-fitting black satin embellished by a string of oriental beads, hooped earrings, and a generally hard-boiled look that might have come out of that little red box of courage known as a lady's vanity case.

Anyway, the loan was refused. Not, perhaps, because the information clerk and the secretary were dyed and painted, but because other things developed in the course of the investigation that substantiated the impression of bad management lent first by the misplaced chorus characters in tne office.

AGAIN, two young women are employed as secretaries by the busy head of a mercantile concern. One is inclined to frivolousness of appearance—although her work indicates no such state of mind. The other, while not sedate, has that correctness of detail which lends appropriateness to the scene.

When serious business is on hand and the management feels the need of making a particularly favorable impression on outsiders, she is the one the buzzer summons and she cannot fail to fulfill her mission.

"Window dressing" is an important part of every business establishment and the technique of window dressing, even though there are no plate-glass windows, is now studied in every first-class, progressive office that desires to create pleasant and profitable contact with its business associates.

In this technique there is small place for the flamboyant person and she is rapidly becoming taboo. This situation, of course, is not serious for her—there is always the hot water and soap—and scissors to take the hem out of skirts.

In spite of the fact that millions of dollars are spent annually by the women of the country on paints and powders, and that the time is past when a woman's reputation is jeopardized by a stained cheek, there is some deep-rooted association in the male mind with painted ladies that disqualifies the too obvious in any scheme of business efficiency.

So if an applicant for a position is told to go home and wash her face, she had better do it gracefully.

And she should be thankful that someone was kind enough to direct her on the right path to an open door.

Outside of the use of powder to subdue the

"From whence emerged, notebook in hand, a day edition of a cafe entertainer."

luster of the skin, the young woman in business has nothing to gain and everything to lose by dipping a too lavish hand into the cosmetic jars and adorning herself in other bizarre effects.

Her painted cheeks and her scarlet lips give her a look of experience—but not the kind of experience solicited by the progressive business house.

Quite outside of serving an employer's interest best by the strictest abstemiousness in matters of cosmetic artifices, the young woman best serves her beauty by restraint.

Good looks, understand, are not discriminated against in business circles. On the contrary, there never was a time when the standard was quite so high. But there is a type of beauty for the chorus and there is a type of beauty for the office and never the twain should meet over the improvident rouge pot.

The charm of smooth, unwrinkled skin, the clear young eyes, the natural color, cannot be equaled by all the cosmetics and art in the world for that matter.

If the excuse is made that the skin is sallow and rough, the girl should follow a rigid diet and take some sort of outdoor exercise. To wrong eating, laziness, or some physical ailment may be laid the blame.

IN this day and age when complexions have become almost standardized, when the attitude is taken that they no longer have to be earned, in the presence of so many smeared masks a girl with clear skin and natural coloring has an original charm which she might display to unusual advantage.

For the older girl or woman in business a little make-up artistically applied is certainly permissible to help restore the effect of youth. The older girl or woman, however, is not so likely to make the mistakes of the younger one in overdoing.

The complaints registered are invariably directed against the young woman who has not yet learned that a business woman is a business woman, not just a woman marking time until someone comes along to carry her off to a happier sphere.

If the startlingly made-up young person fails in her efforts to hypnotize the employment departments of the larger firms into giving her a position, how much less chance has she to land with the smaller establishments where contacts are closer and where each individual is a distinct asset or a liability.

Discerning employers—looking for a secretary, for instance—almost invariably act on the principle that a young woman loud in dress or complexion will likely be loud in manner, voice, and conduct.

As Solomon said, "There is a time for everything." There is a time for wearing one's gayest plumage and for flaunting one's lures, but the time is not bounded by those hours that go to make up an unsentimental business day; nor does gay plumage belong in a world of unsympathetic spectators.

The point overlooked by the amateur at make-up who inhabits the business field is that there is not the intensity of light which surrounds a stage make-up.

There are no horizontal shafts projected from spotlights, or high-candlepower reflectors placed around the ceiling to play on the head and face. There is no back-drop scenery. There are no footlights to make the picture what the theatrically inclined business person must believe herself to be.

And there is no applauding audience. For not even the most confirmed bald-headed Follies attendant but wants his business establishment to appear as if it were being run on strict business principles.

THE END

a Record Breaking Year

and a still Greater Year to Come

With sales in excess of 250,000 cars, Dodge Brothers, Inc., have just completed the greatest year in their history.

Had it been possible to produce cars in sufficient numbers, their increase over 1924 would have been even more substantial.

This year the production problem has been mastered. A $10,000,000 expansion program stands completed—and the enormous output of 1925 will be nearly doubled!

Production on this stupendous scale makes possible the astounding low prices announced January 7th.

It makes them possible even though the car is better today than ever before. These are but a few of the vital refinements—

Rich and attractive new colors.
Absolute smoothness of engine operation.
A new snap and elasticity of operation throughout.
Smart and stylish new body lines.
Complete vision from every angle of the sturdy all-steel body.

A DODGE BROTHERS SEDAN AT THIS PRICE!

$895

F. O. B. DETROIT

Dodge Brothers Motor Car has always been an exceptional product. With these refinements, at these new prices, it is without question the greatest value Dodge Brothers have ever offered.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

Art versus Eyesight

By Frederick Halsey

Pictures by La Verne Noll

How the Craze for Dim, Shaded, and Colored Lights Is Ruining the Country's Eyes

DO wives value their own looks higher than the eyesight of their husbands? Is "interior decorative lighting" designed for artistic effect, or to hide the blemishes of the hostess? Are modern women producing a race of husbands with defective eyesight by their lighting effects?

The Eyesight Conservation Council of America, at a recent convention, declared $300,000,000 a year is lost in American industries through defective lighting. Industrial engineers who investigated 91,000 accidents found the services of more than 100,000 workers are lost each year because of defective or improper lighting. The council reported further that 6,000,000 out of 25,000,000 school children in this country have defective eyesight. Yet mothers and wives, for the sake of "artistic" effect, continue to shade and conceal lights, to the injury of the children's eyesight.

One of the most prominent eye specialists in Chicago recently had a puzzling case. The patient was a man of wealth and social prominence living in a beautiful North Shore home. Adjustment of glasses, treatment, and rest of the eyes were prescribed, but without beneficial effect. The doctor, puzzled, asked permission to examine the lighting arrangements of the home. When the wife returned for dinner she found her shaded lights, her treasured soft-effect lamps, and her entire lighting scheme changed; also, her husband said that on the following day decorators would come into the home and rearrange all the "subdued" light and color schemes. She was annoyed.

The head waiter would have trouble on his hands at once.

"YOU know perfectly well," the wife said, "that at my age I cannot stand such lights; they show up every wrinkle and blemish and make me appear years older."

The doctor grunted.

"It's a choice between that and ruining your husband's eyes," he said. "You have placed shaded lights in corners, have tinted walls and draperies that kill the light; you have conflicting shadows all over the house. There isn't a place where a man can read even a newspaper without straining his eyes."

A man can't read a newspaper.

The wife rebelled. She refused to have the lights uncovered or properly placed. They were "artistic," she said, and they heightened her beauty. A compromise was reached by fitting up a reading-room for the husband under the doctor's advice. The room was lighted from the center by a "direct-indirect" shaded electric light, by which the light was diffused equally through the entire room, the soft gray walls helping to soften reflections. The green-shaded reading lamp was placed at his right shoulder so as to shine directly upon book or paper. In a month the man's eyesight was normal.

"Artistic!" the doctor snorted, in recalling this instance. "Women are not thinking of art or anything except themselves in lighting arrangements. They think only of how the lights will make them appear. To the women, lights are not to see by but to be seen by. After a woman passes thirty she is positively a menace to the community, as she ruins the eyes of all her family, and the only decent light in her house is the one over her dressing table, where she examines her wrinkles and complexion to cover up the defects.

"It is a wonder that all husbands are not blind from this craze for covering and softening lights. Watch a woman arrange bridge tables. One person at a table has good light; the others have to strain their eyes to see the cards. Her dinner table is lighted merely to conceal physical defects. The woman who uses such lights knows that she will not look well under clean, clear lights, so she sacrifices the eyes of her family and her guests in order that she may look younger than she is.

"The present system of lighting is one of the greatest causes of eyestrain, followed by serious eye troubles. The proper way to light a room is by direct-indirect lighting against the ceiling. Have the globe semi-transparent and open at the top, with side reflectors to throw the light against the ceiling, so that it is diffused equally all over the room and without shadows.

"The ceiling should be light colored but without glaring reflections. Supplement this with side lights or lamps properly shaded so as to direct the light upon the book, and you will minimize eyestrain. No one should read or work after the eyes begin to tire, and should quit at the first symptom of weariness or burning.

"The increase in eye trouble was checked for a time, but modern interior lighting and decoration has started it on the increase again.

"If the ladies who arrange lights so as to conceal physical defects and make themselves appear beautiful could but realize that they are hurting their own eyes as well as those of their families and friends, and that eyestrain is the quickest producer of more wrinkles, they might consent to light their houses."

IF you desire to test the question, arrange for a restaurant to have ten tables with yellow shades, two with red, ten with green, ten unshaded, and every woman entering will be ready to fight for a table with a red shade—because the light heightens her color. The head waiter who would dare put a woman wearing a blue dress at a yellow-shaded table would have trouble on his hands at once; and half the women patrons would bolt out of the place before they would sit in the glare of an unshaded electric light, which might accentuate their defects of complexion or reveal wrinkles.

Watch a hostess arranging the place cards at her dinner table. In this she reveals her disposition. Her dearest enemies get all the worst of the lighting effect, or she generously insults them by arranging the lights to conceal their looks.

From an artistic point of view the new fashion of high candles on the dining-table is exceedingly pretty, and the dim candlelight softens the sharp contours of the faces around the festive board. But why in the world must we go back to the days of candlelight, when electricity is so much handier? People in the past did not use candles because they were artistic or because they gave a soft, subdued light, but because there was nothing else to give light!

Not to see by but to be seen by.

Truly, when God said, "Let there be light," He hadn't figured on the uses to which women would put it. They no longer use it to see by but to be seen by.

THE END

The Black Cousin

Laughter and Mystery in a Tale of a Feud Fought to the Death for Love and a Vast Fortune

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

AND then the thing happened! It came silently, swiftly, unerringly — and from above. Harries and Rhino Pung heard a swishing, a blow, a sort of sob. John Hard, beside them, folded like a bundle of cloth and slid to the deck.

This murder, on the last day of the voyage to America, came as a startling culmination to Worthington Harries' and Rhino Pung's leisurely trip around the world. Young men seeking Romance, they had failed to find it.

Aboard the S. S. Giulio, which bore them to New York, they met John Hard, an elderly gentleman who had known Rhino's father. He told them he was on his way to America to fulfill a secret mission and asked their aid. But before he could confide his strange story, a weapon like a scythe, wielded from above, slew him. Rhino got a glimpse of the murderer—black and almost nude—diving from the ship.

Dying, Hard murmured the mysterious words: "*Principessa*—Ringboro—*La cugina nera*" (the black cousin).

Hot on the trail of the mystery, the two young men hurried to Ringboro, a small New England town. There they saw a Miss Estey—young, beautiful, and black-haired—and learned that she claimed inheritance to the fortune and estate of the late Micah Estey, a magnate of the district.

Near the Estey mansion Worthington accidentally met the black-haired girl and was captivated by her, but found her aloof, baffling, and strangely foreign. On his way back to the village he was puzzled by a small white hand which waved at him through the leaves of a shutter in the second story of the Estey mansion. Mystified, he went back to Rhino to compare notes.

CHAPTER TWO

"I CAN'T understand," said Harries, "the niece of a hard-headed New Englander like Micah Estey being brought up and educated abroad until she is more Italian than American."

Rhino Pung had returned from his day of wandering with a head full of information which he had not seemed to search for but which, somehow, seemed to drop ripe in his lap.

"Estey," he said.

"What about it?"

"Studying it," said Rhino.

"The name, you mean?"

Rhino nodded.

"What is there to study about it? Good New England name, isn't it?"

Rhino said nothing and Harries did not persist. He knew it would avail him nothing. If Rhino had discovered or was on the point of discovering something extraordinary about the family name of old Micah he would disclose it when he was plentifully ready and not before.

"But who," Harries persisted, "do you think thrust her hand through the blind, and why?"

Rhino shrugged his shoulders. "War on with the power company," he said, following his own line of thought. "Micah."

"Micah in a fuss with the power folks, eh? What over?"

by Clarence Budington Kelland

A weapon, a strange weapon with brightly polished blade, clattered to the road and with it a sinister figure. "He tried to kill you," said Harries.

"Wouldn't sell."

"They wanted to buy him out? His property along the river?"

Rhino nodded.

"Who's the man?" he asked.

"The one with Isabel Estey? I don't know," Harries answered. "Nobody does."

At that moment there came an interruption—such a clanging and jangling of tinware as few ears have ever listened to and survived. Then, down the hill and across the bridge came a horse drawing a wagon resembling a small English van, from all sides of which hung dishpans and coffee pots and milk pails, swaying and clattering together as the driver lashed his horse and shouted. Nothing but the speed of the vehicle made it remarkable to those acquainted with the itinerant tin peddler of New England and the Middle West, but the speed was the speed of panic.

Presently the charioteer brought his steed to a panting stand before the hotel, and stood to his full height, which was inconsiderable, not to say negligible, while he bellowed indistinguishable words and waved hs arms. Titus Childs, the hotel proprietor, stopped the motion of his rocking-chair and got to his feet, standing, as was his custom, with legs spread far apart and toes pointing outward. Other members of the citizenry came running to investigate the uproar.

"What ails ye, Zadok?" Titus called petulantly. "Can't a feller ketch forty winks 'thout you bellerin' fit to raise the dead?"

"What hour of the day kin a man yell in this town and not find you asleep?" the tin peddler countered sharply. "What ails me? A wild man ails me, that's what! A doggone, nekked, hairy wild man, seekin' whom he may devour. And he dang nigh devoured me."

The speaker, as he stood in his excitement, showed himself no run-of-the-mill human being. His face was that of an extraordinarily large man—a large, lean, and lugubrious man. But his body did not match it. From top to toe he could have been no more than four feet and a half, but his girth was considerable. He waved both arms and whistled shrilly.

"ZADOK BIGGS is my name, and my word hain't never yit been doubted. Got it out of Holy Scripture. Zadok! And the meanin' of it in ancient Hebrew is 'just.' Just by name and just by nature, thet's me, as is admitted fur and wide. And who'd 'a' thought I'd ever come to 'most bein' et by a cannibal?"

"Ye *drempt* it," said Titus.

"I got suthin' more to do than dream, not ownin' an' runnin' a hotel. Eatin' my lunch I was, alongside of Estey's spring. Jest takin' a chaw off'n a ham sandrich, when what happens but this here wild man drops off'n a limb a'most on top o' me an' keels me over. Yes, siree. Keels me right over an' hollers an' makes a jab at me with a thing like a corn-cutter. I didn't wait for no introduction, but jest kep' a-rollin' till I rolled agin my wagin wheel, and up it I clomb and started in to thrash my hoss. And here I be. Ye know me, each and every one of ye. Just by name an' just by nature. And now what ye goin' to do about it?"

"I hain't lost no wild men," said Titus.

"I hope ye find one," Zadok retorted, "crawlin' under your bed."

"Sure 'twasn't a snake?" called a voice.

"Tinware's my business," said Zadok, picking out and identifying the speaker. "I don't calc'late to combine liv'ry-stable keepin' with bootleggin'."

Harries was delighted. He walked closer, for this Zadok seemed a person apt at repartee, who was well able to give back with interest what he received. Then he was astonished to hear Rhino speak.

"Like a corn-cutter?" Pung asked.

"Looked so to me. He swung it at me once, and I didn't stay to examine it none."

"What you seen," said Titus oracularly, "was some boy in swimmin'!"

"Swimmin' in what—a tree? What 'ud a boy be swimmin' in, halfway up the mountain? What I seen, I seen! This here hain't my private town. If ye want to harbor a wild man I hain't got no right to meddle. Keep two and raise young 'uns if ye want to." With which parting swish of wit Zadok Biggs drove his equipage diagonally across the street to the livery stable.

"Well," laughed Harries, "what d'ye think of *that?*"

"Shaped like a corn-cutter," said Rhino. "Um."

THEN Rhino astonished his friend once more. A group of Italian laborers passed, followed by one man alone, a fellow with crisply curling black hair and swarthy features, but handsome withal, and intelligent.

"Sicilian," said Rhino. "Saracen blood." He stood up to lean over the porch rail, and without lifting his voice said to the man, "*Buena sera. Dove andate?*"

The man turned, smiled with pleasure at the sound of his own tongue, and replied, "*Vado a casa adesso, signore.*"

"*Messina, possibile?*"

"*Non vero, signore. Castel-Mola.*"

"Hey, catch your dog, he's running away," interjected Harries. "What's going on?"

"He's going to his house. Lives in Castel-Mola."

"Yes, yes, but where did you learn Italian? You've never jiggled it off before."

"Before English," said Rhino, rolling his head impatiently.

"You learned to speak Italian before you did English! Why?"

"My father."

"But he wasn't Italian."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Unfailing radio power from the

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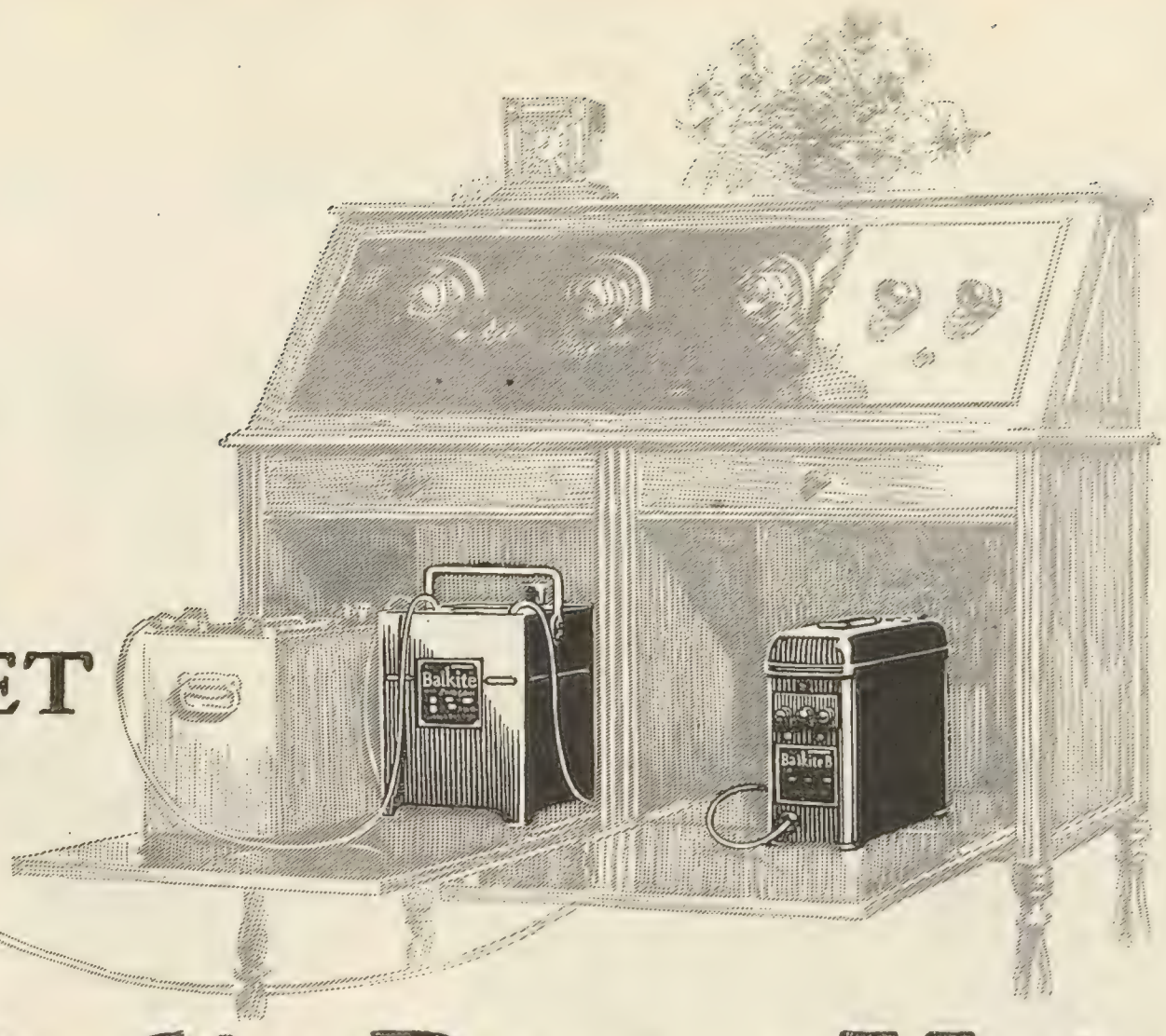

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All Balkite Radio Power Units are permanent pieces of equipment, entirely noiseless, have no bulbs, nothing to break, replace or get out of order. Their current consumption is very low. All operate from 110-120 volt AC current, with models for 50, 60 and other cycles. *All are tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.*

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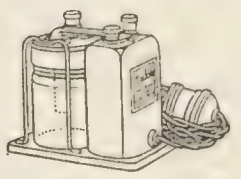
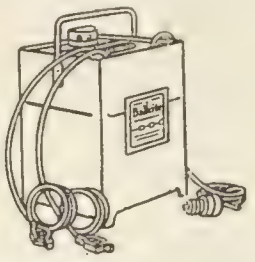


Balkite *Trickle Charger*
Converts any 6-volt "A" battery of 30 ampere hours or more into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes "A" current from the light socket. With 4-volt and smaller 6-volt batteries may be used either as trickle or intermittent charger. $10. West of Rockies, $10.50. In Canada, $15.



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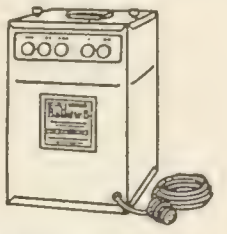
The popular rapid charger for 6-volt "A" batteries. Noiseless. Can be used while the set is in operation. Special model for 25-40 cycles. $19.50. West of Rockies, $20. In Canada, $27.50.

Balkite "B"
Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.



Balkite "B" II
Supplies plate current from the light socket. Will serve any standard set. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more, $55. In Canada, $75.

FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

MANUFACTURED BY FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC., NORTH CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Rhino waggled his head again, and admonished his friend.

"After—after," he said, and then, continuing to the arrested Sicilian, "How long have you lived here, friend?"

"Two years, *signore.*"

"It is my wish to speak with you of many matters." Rhino was more wordy in Italian than English.

"It is an honor. When will the *signore* come?"

"I will seek you. And your name?"

"Cacopardo Zagari."

"Are you a 'friend'?"

ZAGARI'S white teeth gleamed as his jaw dropped in astonishment. To be asked if he were a *friend* by an American who could by no possibility know of such hidden matters was incredible.

"And the *signore?*" he countered.

"By right of my father who was Capomafia of Rendozzi."

"It is a marvel. I am the *signore's* to command. But I am no Ricottaro. An honest man am I whose honor is to be protected."

"Such a man I seek," said Rhino. "You will suffer no loss. Tomorrow, or perhaps the day after, friend."

"*Buena sera, signore.*"

And so the man passed on, while Rhino sat down phlegmatically. Not so Harries—he itched with curiosity.

"Now come through, old Thick Hide. What's the parley?"

"He is a member of a society. Not a street ruffian but a man of honor."

"Are you talking about the Mafia? I thought it dead."

Rhino lifted his shoulders, and upon that count nothing more was to be got from him.

But, if he would, Rhino could have told much of that society which is not a society; about that organization which is no organization, has no constitution, laws, or officers, but which dispenses justice to a greater part of the population of Sicily.

It is not so much a society as a state of mind, yet it exists as an entity, protecting those who are faithful to it, destroying terribly those guilty of treachery.

Before Harries could find any joint in Rhino's armor of imperturbability, a buggy stopped before the hotel and there alighted from it the dark, middle-aged, foreign-appearing gentleman who had been Isabel Estey's companion earlier in the day. He mounted the steps, a walking-stick hanging over one arm, and lifted his hat to Harries.

It was all very Continental, even to the monocle which gave to his lean, olive face an expression of something exhibited in a show window for a purpose.

"Mr. Harries?" he asked.

Worthington smiled in his boyish, amiable way.

"I can't dispute it. I've admitted it on the hotel register."

"My name is Floresta," said the gentleman, "and I come from the young lady you encountered this afternoon. It appears that you may be able to give her information of one concerning whom she is distressed. Therefore I am the bearer of a note to you."

"From Miss Estey?" Harries extended his hand to take the blue envelope. "Your pardon." He opened it and read:

> My dear Sir:
>
> I wish to talk with you about a thing. Will you and your friend call upon me this evening—at the hour of nine? For this I shall be grateful.

And to this was signed her name, Isabel Estey.

"Will you say to Miss Estey," said Harries, "that we shall be charmed?"

Mr. Floresta bowed, accepted an introduction to Rhino, and with no exchange of small talk returned to his carriage.

"Now," said Harries, "what d'ye think of that!"

"Good boy," said Rhino.

"Eh! Why this encomium?"

"Floresta," said Rhino speculatively.

"Entertaining duck," said Harries, "but he runs to manners a bit strong for my plebeian taste. Bet he wears corsets."

"Doesn't fit in," said Rhino.

"Who? Floresta? Fit in with what? Come to think of it, he doesn't. He's anomalous, isn't he? First one I ever met. An anomaly in a corset."

AT a table adjoining theirs at supper sat Zadok Biggs, tin peddler, eating with zest and not silently. Harries eyed him with enthusiasm, and between mouthfuls Zadok observed what seemed to him to be a friendly advance.

"Traveling men?" he asked.

"Traveling, without doubt," said Harries, "and laying some claim to be men. But not selling commodities to the countryside."

"Eddicated, hain't ye?" observed Zadok.

"Poor but educated," agreed Harries. "By the way, you don't know how two honest young men may become suddenly wealthy, do you?"

"Hain't give it much thought—but it's been done."

AT that moment there came an interruption — such a clanging and jangling of tinware as few ears have ever listened to and survived.

Rhino intervened. "Know this country?" he asked.

"Like the palm of my foot," said Zadok. "I know the country and the country knows me. Honest dealin's an' fair prices. Just by name and just by nature. That's me all over. But I hain't ever had enough money to start gettin' rich."

"If you had, what would you do with it?" Harries asked.

"I'd snoop around till I found suthin' some other feller had to have; suthin' he couldn't git along 'thout, and I'd leap in and buy it out from under him. Then, by gollies, I'd make him pay for it through the nose."

"You would have to find something wanted by a man with lots of money," said Rhino.

"Bet your life."

"It sounds difficult. Now, my friend and I have come here with our minds made up to get rich. We're only moderately just, so we aren't hampered like you are. Is there anybody hereabouts with money?"

"Two of 'em. Mostly the Power Company. They got oodles of it, scads of it, wads of it. Then the's them that inherited off of old Micah Estey."

"Rhino," said Harries, "we're getting closer. We've discovered folks with money. Now it's simple. All we've got to do is find a way to take it away from them."

Zadok blinked. "Got capital?" he asked.

"Some. What you might call a modicum."

"Got brains?'" asked Zadok pointedly.

"We can pass examinations and read newspapers and argue on any topic," said Harries.

"But kin ye see what's before your eyes?"

"That," said Harries, "is another matter."

"Ye kin bet your bottom dollar it is," said Zadok with emphasis. "Now I kin—every time. Not that it does me any good exceptin' in the way of enjoyment. But I'm the seein'-est feller ye ever met. Yes, sir. I hain't been drivin' these hills for nothin'. Now, if I wan't possessed of a soul above gougin' an' drivin' a hard bargain, an' if I had the money to swing it, calc'late I could make me quite a pocketful o' money."

"You," said Harries, "are the man we are looking for. Go on, Mr. Biggs. Be expansive. Elucidate. We sit at your feet and listen."

"I kinda admire to listen to you," said Zadok naively. "You use up words and syllables and sentences. Don't seem like they mean much, but the's a kind of a swing to 'em."

"You may consider me as bowing politely. But—go on."

"One of my set notions is this," said Zadok, "that young fellers ought to make their own way. I'm willin' to help with a hint or a push. But they got to do the main pullin'. But here's a hint for ye. The Power Company's got the money. The's a way stretchin' out in front of you that'll git some of it fer you. Set an' think about dams tonight, and then tomorrer go an' look around."

Rhino watched the old man sharply, with keen interest. He nodded.

"Your friend's got the idea," said Zadok.

"Yes," admitted Rhino.

"Then good luck to ye," Zadok said.

II

AT the hour of nine Rhino and Harries passed through the gate and inside the stone wall surrounding Micah Estey's house. Somewhere in the vitals of the house the bell stirred to attention a servant who was by no means the New England hired girl. This person, gray, aged, stout, and possessing the outward semblance of wickedness, answered the door. She bowed silently and admitted them to a chilly hall, dimly lighted. This gave upon a room which would have been the library if there had been books in it, and there Miss Estey stepped forward to welcome them.

"Vittoria will bring coffee here," she said. "One talks more comfortably over the cups. . . . And your friend, Mr. Harries?" She tilted her head pertly to scrutinize Rhino's face as Worthington mentioned his name. "You also are welcome," she said, and repeated his name so that it sounded like Poong. She repeated it twice, and turned to the dark

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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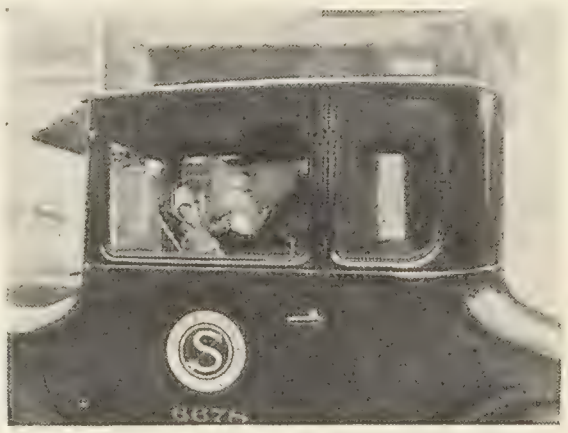
1 By automobile, Swift Salesmen travel from town to town on regular schedules. Orders from retail dealers are dispatched each evening to the Swift plant serving that district.



2 The next morning these orders are filled systematically and promptly. Shipments are on their way within twenty-four hours. Speed and precision are the essentials of this service.

3 The goods are loaded, in the order of station stops, into refrigerator cars which are attached to regular trains moving on schedule time.

4 At each station the orders for retailers of that town are quickly unloaded. In this manner small towns and cities receive a fast, regular service on perishable products that could not otherwise be obtained.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

gentleman whose attention to dress had offended Harries. "It is a name that reminds me—— Of what does it remind me? . . . Ah . . . This is Monsieur Floresta."

Worthington flicked a glance at the gentleman and his dictum that Floresta was an anomaly became a fixed impression. The entitlement *monsieur* was a misfit when worn by the Italian name "Floresta."

"Come," said Miss Estey, after Worthington had acknowledged the introduction, "let us be comfortable. Your evenings are not warm. See. Wood burns in the fireplace. Is it not pleasant?"

"That isn't fair," said Worthington. "You're cheating us."

"Of what? The sight of this so ugly furniture, and this paper on the wall which is an abomination?"

"THE young gentleman pays you an American compliment," said Floresta dryly, and from that instant Harries detested him. It was not his words, nor his manner of speaking them; it was not his appearance alone, nor his foppishness; it was not his handsome face of sharp angles, nor his eyes. Harries could not have told you what it was any more than he could have told you why it is the paramount business of a dog's life to chase cats.

Rhino Pung took no part in the conversational overture which followed, but he studied Miss Estey and he scrutinized Floresta. They, on their part, seemed unaware of him.

"You have been to this village before?" asked Miss Estey.

"Our first venture here," said Harries.

"Ah, yes, I remember. You came to watch a cloud shadow or catch a fairy, or for some important business of that sort. You told me. But is this the best place for that? Are the shadows more easily caught here or the fairies more visible?" She looked at him curiously.

"We were told so."

"I do not believe it. The fairies here would be old and scrawny with necks of leather, and the cloud shadows would be ugly. . . . No. . . . I cannot understand why anyone should come here who is not compelled."

"Perhaps we were compelled," said Harries.

"By what?"

"Do you think anyone goes any place of his own will? There are magnets. Everywhere is a magnet for someone. It draws him to that place and holds him. We think we are buying tickets on the railroad because we want to go a certain place, but we are mistaken. It is because that place desires us to come to it."

"I think," she said, "it is your custom to speak nonsense."

"That," he answered with mock gravity, "was philosophy—deep philosophy. When I am old I intend to write a book about it."

She wrinkled her nose. "It would have to be a very strong magnet to draw me to Ringboro."

"Yet you are here."

She did not laugh. "The magnet was strong. But I shall go away quickly and carry the magnet with me."

OF a sudden she fell silent and Harries, turning his eyes, perceived that Floresta was looking full at her and frowning as though in command.

Miss Estey bit her lip, flushed, allowed her eyes to glint, but she plunged down another conversational bypath, one that led to Harries himself and Rhino.

"Your theory," she said, "is not sound. Now tell me, what magnet could reach out over the ocean to pull you from a steamship to this place?"

"But that very thing proves my theory. Neither Rhino nor I ever heard of this place until the night we reached America—and here we are."

Rhino looked quickly from face to face, but made no observation.

"Ah," said Miss Estey, "you crossed on the Giulio, did you not? That is why I asked you to come here. I was expecting a friend on that ship, but there has been no word, and the friend has not come. It may be he missed the sailing, but it is not like him to do that. Perhaps you met him, or saw him, or remember his name."

"We met very few of the passengers," said Harries. "But it is possible. What was your friend's name?"

As he asked the question Worthington felt the substantial sole of Rhino's boot touch and exert pressure upon his toes, so that when Miss Estey spoke the name of her friend he did not start nor exhibit other tokens of astonishment, for he was busied with his own personal and acute misery.

"The name," said Miss Estey, "is John Hard. He is an elderly gentleman——"

"Hey, Rhino! On the rug! On the rug! You ought to get somebody to mind your feet. They stray about and do damage. I beg your pardon, Miss Estey, but this pachyderm rested its weight on me and I suffer. The name was what?"

"John Hard," she repeated.

Harries looked at Rhino, whose face remained impassive, expressionless, phlegmatic. One might have believed he did not hear, but Harries knew he did hear. Yet that gave no help to him in his sudden discomfort.

Rhino, watching the face of Floresta, noted how that gentleman peered sharply at Miss Estey in a manner peculiar and cryptic. It was the face of a man watching to see how another would receive news, rather than that of one waiting tidings himself. Rhino breathed deeply, for it seemed to him that Floresta knew.

"We met him," said Harries slowly.

SHE smiled and lifted her head. "I know. I understand. It was from him you heard of Ringboro—for he was coming here. But why does he delay?"

Miss Estey swayed forward and her eyes searched Worthington's face.

"What is there to tell?" she asked. "Why are you reluctant to speak?"

Rhino lifted his eyes slowly and turned his head. It was apparent he was about to say something, but he was slow in bringing out the word. He rubbed his nose and twiddled his fingers against the great muscles of his leg.

"Murder," he said, and again looked from face to face, not curiously, but phlegmatically.

There followed silence. One might have counted twenty very slowly before there was sound or movement in that room. It was very still without as well, and Harries knew a curious sensation of loneliness. It seemed to him as if they four were marooned on some small point in an infinite gulf. Also he reviled Rhino inwardly for blurting out the thing. It was not like Rhino to fall short in delicacy of feeling. . . . He saw the piquant face of Miss Estey take on lines of strength and character, and none of them indicated terror. Strangely enough her expression did not indicate shock. Before Rhino spoke it had been a rounded, beautiful, somewhat elfin face; a face out of a poem, a strain of music. Now it was sculpture, and the stone of the carving was not satiny marble, but granite.

Rhino, though his head was inclined, regarded Floresta

(Continued on Next Page)

"Did he die at once—without speaking?" asked Miss Estey.
"Yes," said Rhino.—"No," said Harries in the same breath.

[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

sidewise, and got nothing for his pains. The face of the man might have been painted permanently upon glass for all the change which took place upon it.

Then the room ceased to float in a sea of silence; it came to rest, became again a solid room in a solid house, for Miss Estey spoke:

"Did you say murdered?"

Rhino nodded once.

"By whom?"

Rhino shook his head, and when Harries saw his friend was not for more words, he took up the telling; made it brief and denatured it of the shocking in so far as he was able to do so.

"Mr. Hard was killed aboard ship as we lay at quarantine. The murderer escaped. . . . That is all."

"Where—where is he now? Mr. Hard was alone. Who—did what was necessary?"

"Rhino and myself."

"Ah. And—did he die at once—without speaking?"

"Yes," said Rhino.

"No," said Harries in the same breath.

Floresta stretched the merest trifle of a gentlemanly stretch and said negligently, "There seems to be some difference of opinion on that point."

"What I meant to say," said Harries, "is that he spoke, but not intelligibly. A fragment. A word. That was all."

"Might one ask what that word was?" asked Floresta. "It might be of interest to one who was his friend to hear even this last fragment of a word."

"Italian," said Rhino.

"Which, of course, you did not understand? And which, being in a foreign tongue, you would not remember."

"Exactly," said Rhino.

"Well," said Floresta, and between this word and the next he paused to light a cigarette with deliberation, "after all, Ringboro holds much to attract young men." His tone was not ironic. It was nothing. It was not a remark one could pick up, no matter how difficult it was to let it lie.

"HE never spoke of me?" It was Miss Estey who asked the question. "Never mentioned me to you?"

"He mentioned but one person," said Worthington.

"Who was Miss Estey," said Rhino.

"Eh?"

"The *Principessa d'Este*," said Rhino, and made a slight motion of his broad hand toward the girl.

"Yes, yes, but how were you to know?" said Miss Estey. "Estey is d'Este anglicized."

"The *principessa*," said Floresta, "acted upon advice of counsel. To avoid—what do you call it?—publicity—she took temporarily the form known in this village. . . . Ah, can you see these peasants seething and jabbering and making a to-do if an Italian princess came among them? So said the lawyer."

"I understand that," said Worthington. "You shall continue to be Miss Estey for all the wagging our tongues shall do." He looked at Rhino with some irritation. "When did you guess it?" he asked.

Rhino shrugged his shoulders.

"You are sure there was no message for me? Now you know who I am, was there no word—or perhaps letter? You did not come as his messengers?"

If Floresta had not cleared his throat Harries might even then have spoken—in spite of a second pressure from Rhino's broad foot. But Floresta did clear his throat and so reminded Worthington of his existence—an existence the latter did not at all approve of.

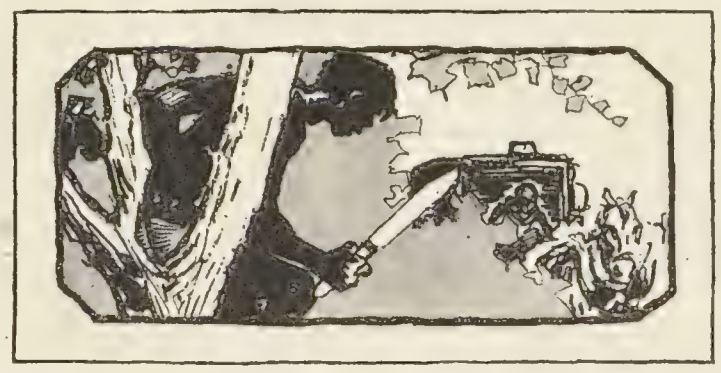
"No," said the young gentleman with a discretion quite foreign to his habitual impulsiveness. "We are not messengers. There was nothing."

"How charming," said Floresta, "are the ways of coincidence!"

"With whom," asked the *principessa*, "can I communicate for further particulars? As to the disposition of his—effects; the location of his grave?"

"District Attorney of New York," said Rhino.

This is the substance of that evening's conversation; it left Harries somewhat bewil-



dered; Rhino morose and brooding. What effect it had upon the *principessa* or upon Floresta none may say, for their faces kept their thoughts private. . . .

The hour was verging upon eleven when the young men passed again through the gates of Micah Estey's grounds, and no word passed until they stood upon the open road.

"Rhino," said Harries, pausing to look back over his shoulder, "my hide-bound opinion is that we are needed here."

"Yes?"

"Did you watch Floresta? He's strolling down Queer Street. If Miss Estey is mistress in her house, then I need three more guesses. Mr. Floresta is a very dusky Ethiop in that kindling pile. . . . Why, he even dictates her conversation."

"Um. . . ."

"In the immortal words of the ancient sawmill melodrama, that girl's in his power."

"Maybe," said Rhino.

They walked a hundred yards.

"Sure a hand waved to you?" Rhino asked.

"Yes."

"Not Miss Estey's?"

"It couldn't have been."

"Um. . . ."

"Dark, isn't it?" Worthington remarked presently. And then, "Hear anything moving in the woods there?"

Rhino listened and shook his head.

"I'll swear I did. Sort of slithering. Sneaking-animal sort of noise."

THEY walked silently a quarter of a mile, and where the road narrowed to the dimensions of a path, passing under low spreading maples, Harries fancied he heard a rustling, as of a nesting bird in the boughs above. They walked through a tunnel of foliage, through darkness all but impenetrable to human eyes. . . . Harries must have *felt* motion rather than seen it, for suddenly he struck upward with his walking-stick: a fencer's parrying stroke. The stick encountered flesh in action, a swiftly descending arm. . . . A thing clattered to the road and with it a sinister figure which stooped, clutched, ducked, and ran. . . . The thing which dropped to the road was a weapon, a strange weapon, shaped somewhat like the corn-cutter of our farms, but longer in the handle, with brightly polished blade. Before the young men emerged from their amazement the figure disappeared like the shadow it was, leaving behind an impression of long hair and of nudity. . . .

"He tried to kill you," said Harries. "What was it? Did you see?"

Rhino grunted, and then he uttered a sentence which was a long sentence for him.

"We're not welcome in this neck of the woods," he said.

III

AFTER the two young gentlemen, carrying away with them the consciousness that they had been mined industriously for information, left behind them the atrocious house of old Micah Estey, the *principessa* sat with her delicious ankles crossed, and gazed into the maplewood coals in the fireplace.

She was not conscious then that it was an atrocious fireplace, though there had been times when she resented it bitterly. Her brows, delicate and graceful as if etched upon her forehead, tended to draw together, and her exquisite chin exhibited a desire to become more than usually firm.

Monsieur Floresta lounged in his chair and experimented in smoke forms with his cigarette, but the corners of his eyes did not negleft the young woman.

He waited. That was obvious, as also it was obvious that he waited ironically and without apprehension.

Presently the *principessa* lifted her chin from her breast and turned her head just enough so that she could gaze at him sidewise under her lashes.

"You think I am afraid of you," she said suddenly, in Italian.

"I might say," rejoined Monsieur Floresta, "that I am positive of it."

"One would almost think it true," she said, and nodded her head three distinct times. "If I were you I should think it true."

"But you—you do not think so? Let me point out that the evidence is all against you. Certainly you do not love me."

"As to that," she said, "you may assure yourself."

"And I cannot buy obedience." He lifted his shoulders. "There are three reasons why a woman obeys a man as you obey me—namely, my dear, and in order of their excellence: love, cupidity, fear. Therefore it must be clear."

"You forget a fourth reason."

"And that is?"

"Habit."

Floresta pondered that as if it were of importance, and lifted delicately one knee over the other in a manner not to destroy the seat of his trousers.

"There is something in that," he admitted.

"There is no habit," she said, "which cannot be broken."

"You are making that point? It is interesting. But you arrive at it *trop tard*, my dear. Is it not too late? Suppose, for the sake of passing the time by argument, you should break this habit of obedience to me. What then? You see I am examining the possibility. The consequences might prove disastrous."

What secret hold has Floresta on the beautiful Isabel Estey? And what is the Thing—half man, half monster—that tried to kill Rhino? You'll learn in the third installment—it's full of smiles and thrills—in next week's issue.

The hotel was surrounded and virtually everyone had at least one shotgun.

Famous Detective Tells of Jokes in Jails and Humor in the Shadow of the Gallows

Some of My BEST Laughs *from* CROOKS

By

George S. Dougherty

Formerly Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City

THE grim humor of the executioner who commiserated with the condemned man when the latter complained of a headache on his way to the scaffold was not necessarily a brutal thing.

"Well," said the hangman solicitously, "Maybe it won't last long."

Any detective of long experience will tell you that the dividing line between tragedy and comedy is fine, and sometimes not discernible. He has made mistakes that, if they became public, would move a nation to laughter. He guards them closely for the very best reasons. His pride will not bear up well under ridicule. His value as a sleuth falls if he is laughed at.

But he can, provided he has a sense of humor, look back and see the jokes that are not always the result of his errors but the fruit of his methods. And sometimes the methods he employs to gain his ends are intentionally absurd.

There was the time in my early days as a Pinkerton when I did everything but commit murder to get into jail, so that I might gain the confidence of an imprisoned suspect who subsequently confessed murder to me.

Then there was the famous trial of the Missouri Kid and Black Frank, both of whom were hanged for the murder of a detective. The story of that trial sounds farcical, although within the courtroom there was perfect order and fairness. The two desperadoes were guilty, were treated justly, and were well defended; yet there was almost hilarity in the sidelights and even in the executions themselves—unintentional humor but of better quality for that.

In lighter vein of humor is the confession of Musician Mike, the pickpocket, who almost wept when he told me what had become of his money. He saw no humor in it.

"Honest, Commissioner," wept Mike, "I ain't got a nickel. All I got is a religious sister and a mother who don't know nothin' about my business. Listen! I worked the county fairs last summer and I never seen nothin' like it the way the jack was comin' in. On the level, every rube I touched was lousy with money. I must 'a' lifted close to two grand [two thousand dollars].

"The boys went nuts, the pickin' was so good. And, honest, some of them began touchin' off each other. Buffalo Beetle must 'a' dragged down eight hundred one mornin' and damned if somebody didn't jostle him for it before the day was over.

"I wasn't takin' no chances, so every day or so I'd put mine in a money order which I sent to me sister in New York to keep for me. She was wise to my graft but she hadn't ever squawked to me about it. Listen, Mr. Dougherty, I must 'a' sent her all o' two grand before the season closed and I went home to rest before spendin' the winter in Florida.

"I get home the day before Thanksgivin', see, and I don't say a thing until next day. Me sister and me mother and me had a knockout of a dinner and then the old lady goes off to take a nap for herself and I asks me sister what she done with the jack.

"'Listen, Mike,' she says, 'I was goin' to tell you about that. Honest, Mike, I was always worryin' and so I took the money and I give it to the church, thinkin' maybe it would give you good luck. Honest, Mike, I——'"

Musician Mike was near to tears. There was no humor in it for him. And now—broke—he had been caught on his first job after his fruitful summer.

How I got the confession of the youthful Joe Jones (I shall call him that) in a two-by-four jail in the Adirondacks years ago was a common enough procedure. It involved occupying the cell next to Joe's; but getting into that cell involved work that sounds absurd now.

Someone had murdered a woman while robbing her home. Joe was the so-called bad boy of the village and suspicion immediately fastened upon him, although proof was lacking. He had sense enough to refuse to answer

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

the prosecutor's questions and the prosecutor conceived the following magnificent idea: I was to come to the village—posing as I chose—and commit some desperate crime (murder and assault barred) that would land me in jail. The sheriff was to see that I got the cell adjoining Joe's. The ways and means were left to me.

I equipped myself with a kit of burglar's tools and reported to the prosecutor. I took a room at the local hotel, explaining that I was a stone mason in quest of work. Luckily nobody thereabouts needed a stone mason. A brief inspection of the village gave the materials for my plot. The street lights were always turned off at eleven o'clock. The hotel's front door was always locked at ten. There was one policeman—a large, earnest citizen with a cannon of a revolver strapped to his hip. Also there was one large general store, known locally as the department store.

MY plan was simple. I would burglarize myself out of the hotel after the street lights were darkened and all except the one patrolman were abed. Then I would rob the department store, leaving a trail so broad and visible that my arrest would immediately follow. I robbed the store with great thoroughness, taking to my room all the portable merchandise I could carry.

The excitement on the following morning was enormous. Yet no one suspected me. I had the loot in a corner of my room, but the chambermaid paid no attention to it. The hotel keeper asked me to look over his guests and tell him whether any looked suspicious. The patrolman all but enlisted my assistance because I was big and strong and otherwise unoccupied. I invited him to my room, hoping he would see the swag.

But no; he was a zealous cop out to catch the burglar and had no time for social affairs. Desperate, I took much of the loot to the express office and brazenly shipped it to New York. But the expressmen refused to be suspicious. I had done everything but shout my guilt from the hotel roof.

I couldn't do that. To make it look like a frame-up would have spoiled my plans. The news would have trickled into the jail and Joe would have become cautious.

The next night I robbed the post-office. I appreciated the danger of being shot by the lone cop and did not dare take too many chances. I had cleaned the place rather thoroughly when I heard the sturdy man of the law outside talking to a friend.

"I don't think he'll come back to this village," the policeman was saying. "If he does and I see him, I'm going to shoot first and grab him afterward."

"We are all sleeping with our shotguns on a chair beside the bed," said the citizen. They trudged away together. It had been snowing heavily. I made a mess of the place but took nothing. I left my burglar's kit behind me and marched to the hotel, taking care to leave footprints that anybody could follow. The next morning there was more excitement but nobody followed my trail. I was not arrested.

"Look here," said the prosecutor, "you are not making good. You are supposed to get into that jail and there is no good reason why you can't do it. Now I'm going away overnight and if you are not in jail by noon tomorrow you're fired. I'll get a man who knows how to get into jail."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I sneered. "Shoot somebody? What do you want me to tackle next, your house or the jail itself?"

"I don't give a damn what you do just so long as you are in jail by noon tomorrow. Just don't hurt anybody."

Next morning, at the height of the excitement, I entered the town's jewelry and sewing-machine store. The sewing-machine agent was over in the corner and the jeweler back of his counter. At my request the jeweler placed in front of me a tray of watches. Then I pointed to other watches hanging on hooks back of the jeweler. As he turned to get them, I scooped four or five watches from the tray and dropped them into my overcoat pocket.

"Put them watches back, you crook!" screamed the jeweler.

"Don't accuse me of stealing your watches!" I growled. "I'll blow your head off." And I pointed my gun at his nose. A roar from the sewing-machine agent, who dropped down behind his counter. Calmly I walked out, jammed the door so that they could not immediately follow me, and sauntered back to the hotel. I went to my room and waited arrest. It was eleven in the forenoon. The prosecutor would be home at noon.

Pretty soon the jeweler and the sewing-machine agent came to the hotel on the run. They knew me by sight. The whole populace

"Honest, Commissioner," wept Mike, "I ain't got a nickel. All I got is a religious sister."

joined them. The hotel was surrounded and virtually everyone had at least a shotgun. And then the constable arrived. Bravely he mounted the stairs to my room.

"Come out!" he cried.

"Come in," I replied.

"And have my head blown off? Oh, no! Come out with your hands in the air and I won't shoot."

I landed in the desired cell just as the clock struck twelve.

I was quite a hero to Joe, who later confided all to me. No, they didn't electrocute him; he was sent to prison for life.

The story of the bank robbery at Union, Missouri, by Billy Rudolph (the Missouri Kid) and George Collins (Black Frank) is an old one. In the resulting chase Charlie Schumacher, a Pinkerton detective, was shot to death by the robbers. They were subsequently caught in Hartford, Connecticut, and returned to Union for trial.

THE miniature courtroom was far too small to contain all the witnesses, but the weather was fine and warm and it was much better to be out there under the elms. The windows were open, and the opposing lawyers bawled their questions and the witnesses shouted back, so that the crowds outside could hear almost as well as those inside. Whenever a witness was about to be needed the sheriff came to the window and yelled something like this:

"Harry Willis to bat, Ed Noonan on deck, and Ward Hembright in the hold!"

And Harry Willis would be hoisted through the window to tell what he knew and Ed Noonan would be ready to follow him. Ward Hembright knew he might he required any moment.

The two men were sentenced to death. Collins was to be hanged at sunrise. The crowd was gathering fast in spite of the early hour. But seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock passed and Collins was not hanged. Eleven o'clock. The crowd was enormous. It was to be a public affair.

"For Heaven's sake, sheriff," I complained, "this is horrible. Why don't you go ahead?"

"Mr. Dougherty," he said calmly, "I've invited a slew of folks and I'm runnin' for reelection. I don't aim to disappoint nobody. There won't be no hangin' until all them I have invited gets here. I don't want nobody sore on me with election comin' on."

They are naive, these confirmed lawbreakers. They are unconsciously humorous—like children because many of them are of the child's mentality in all things but cunning.

Their pride is extraordinary. For example, the young gangster whom we suspected of murder but who didn't know we suspected him. I cultivated his friendship posing as a Chicago yegg.

I chummed with him for a month, carefully avoiding becoming embroiled in any crime and carefully keeping him away from crime. Then one day I tried a long shot.

"You were saying that Texas Tommy was a boob," I ventured.

"Yes, he is," replied my bully boy.

"I saw him today," I said casually. "He says you are yellow."

"He says I'm yellow, hey?" snarled the gangster. "Well, the next time you see him ask him who knocked off Katz the butcher."

A day or so later I said:

"I saw Tommy. He says that he don't know who killed Katz and that you don't either."

"Is that so?" laughed the gangster. "Well, I do know. I did it and can prove it!"

I encouraged him to prove it, which he did with vast satisfaction. Then I took him and his proof to police headquarters. He went to jail for life. He had no hatred for me. As I bid him good-by he said:

"Listen, Dougherty. Don't waste your time listening to Texas Tommy. He don't know nothing."

THE END

Among GORILLAS

Noted Woman Explorer Hunting Demon of Jungles Finds Him an Amiable Creature

By Mary Hastings Bradley

"I AM a gorilla, the man-ape you humans have been told is the most ferocious of beasts. Hear my story. I was deep in the forest, tranquilly eating. Suddenly the leaves rustled. I looked up. The bushes parted and there, at a height equal to my own, I saw a strange, sinister face glaring at me. That face was ghastly pale. The skin was hideously bare save for a rough bristle on lip and cheeks.

"The lips were pulled back over the teeth in a grimace of fury. The eyes, deep-set gray eyes, squinted at me evilly. It was like no other animal of the jungle and filled me with fear. I roared my aversion and fright, but that pale face still glared at me.

"I tried to startle it with a rush. The strange figure raised a short staff to its shoulder, pointing it toward me. I stood and tremblingly beat upon my breast. I roared in perplexity. Another roar answered mine and the strange figure's short staff spat fire that entered my side and felled me. I had met Man."

Of course all that is fantasy, but it might well be what a gorilla would write, had he the power, after he had encountered some of our African hunters.

I suppose that no animal has provoked the world's imagination to such a frenzy of exaggeration as the gorilla.

Down in the basement of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, hidden from a sensitive public, is a bronze statue of a huge gorilla carrying off a fainting girl—helpless Beauty and Beast! Until about three years ago that was the world's generally accepted idea of the gorilla.

Virtually everything that anyone knew about the gorilla had been gleaned from Du Chaillu's accounts of his experiences in the African West Coast jungles about 1855, and he painted the "king of the African forests," as he called him, as a "hellish dream creature," half ape, half human, a "monster of ferocity" with fiercely glaring eyes, twitching crest, bared fangs, and a roar that filled the forest.

The gorilla was said to attack men on sight, to raid villages, to carry off women. It inspired a horror beyond any other wild beast.

© Carl E. Akeley

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and the old man gorilla of the Karissimbi shot for Mr. Akeley's group in the American Museum of Natural History.

Du Chaillu is believed to have been the first white man ever to see a gorilla and his account was one of the sensations of the mid-nineteenth century. Popular imagination was tremendously excited by the thought of that strange, hairy half-human ape, with his giant strength and terrible ferocity, lurking in the depths of the Congo forest. And the gorilla has always remained to the public a half-mythical demon, a murderous man-hunter.

Actually we know very little as yet about this near relative of ours in the animal kingdom, but our experiences in the gorilla mountains corroborated Mr. Carl E. Akeley's theory that the gorilla is essentially a decent and amiable creature that attacks man only because he is being attacked or thinks he is.

He is as dangerous an animal to encounter as his size, enormous strength, and intelligence would lead you to expect. But the stories that he lies in wait for man, that he always attacks, that his is a nature of peculiarly cunning malevolence, are utterly unsupported by the facts.

I do know stories where he has attacked,

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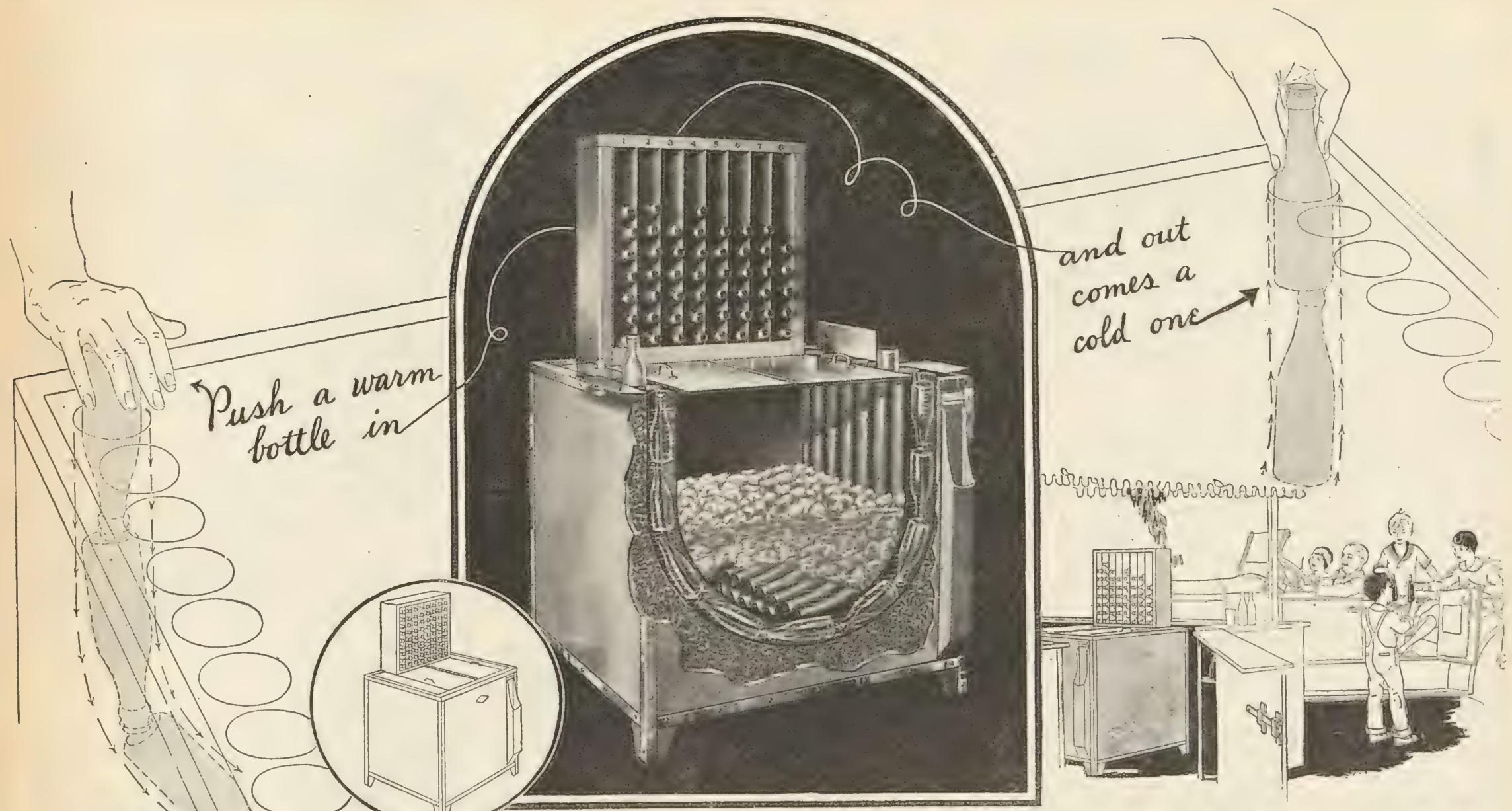

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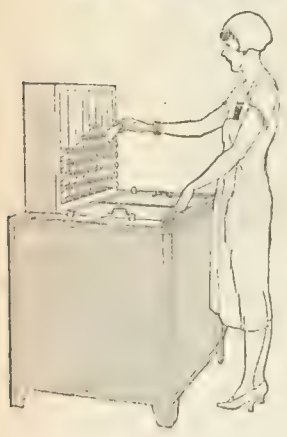

1—*Take warm Bottle out of Reserve Rack above*

2—*Push warm Bottle In and Out comes a Cold One —the Flavor Requested*

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Draws the Crowd Because—

1—People get the flavor *first* asked for—(not forced to take a second choice or go without).
2—They get it QUICK and COLD.
3—They get it CLEAN—APPETIZING.
4—Its novel operation is fascinating to watch.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

where he has lain in wait, and where he has pulled off a man's arms and legs as if tearing a toy to pieces; but the history of these cases shows provocation.

He does beat his breast. So do little monkeys in the Zoo. He has a crest and he twitches it. He has a good-sized roar and his fangs look horrible when his mouth is open. But I know a lot of people who look horrible with their mouths open.

As to the story that he carries off women —that belongs on the shelf with the legend of the porcupine shooting his quills.

The country we visited with Mr. Akeley, to obtain the specimen group for the American Museum of Natural History, was in the very center of Africa, on the eastern edge of the Belgian Congo. The objective was a triangle of volcanic mountains on whose heights the gorillas were said to be.

The gorilla forest looks as if it were taken out of some old fairy book, with wizard trees outreaching their long crooked arms, knobby with cushions of golden-green moss, over meadows of lacy bloom—a forest constantly silhouetted against the white fog and cloud moving through the ravines. Here, remote and inaccessible, about ten or twelve thousand feet up, the gorillas live.

They roam about, generally in bands —though sometimes an "old man" gorilla will be alone—feeding on the succulent greens, sorrels, docks, hemlocks, or the ground shoots of bamboo. It is extraordinary, observing the enormous strength of the gorilla, to reflect that he is a vegetarian.

At night they sleep in nests on the ground, like hastily scratched together hens' nests. The story that they sleep in hammocks or platforms in trees got even in the Century Dictionary, but we know of no evidence to support it.

The gorilla goes into trees for food, but not very far on account of his tremendous weight, but at night his great strength makes him so secure from attack from any marauding beast that he sleeps comfortably in the open. Sometimes he takes a hole among tree roots and lines it cozily with moss and fern. He is not a New England housekeeper and prefers moving to fresh quarters rather than cleaning house.

The only enemy he can possibly fear is the leopard, and then it is only a baby gorilla that the leopard would dare snatch. On our last trip we found instances of leopard tracks around gorilla encampments, of the bones of very young gorillas gnawed by leopards, and of a leopard strangled by a gorilla.

ALL natives leave the gorillas absolutely alone and in these mountains we heard only one tale of a gorilla attacking a native unprovoked. Then it was a young gorilla that jumped out on a woodcutter, and bit his leg, and ran away. The man recovered.

At Katana, on the west shore of Kivu, we heard that two weeks before the natives had found a troop of gorillas one morning in the banana groves. Among these natives there is a superstition against killing a man ape. They believe that their son's children will die if they do. So at first they tried to drive out the invaders with sticks and noise. The troop made off, except for one big man gorilla, who rushed on the natives, tore one man to pieces like paper, and wounded two others before the men got their spears and killed him. It could be made into a very sensational story of a demon ape, but it really doesn't prove anything against the gorilla—it simply shows that he can defend himself when he has to and that he doesn't like being disturbed at meals.

At a place about fourteen days' march west of Kivu the gorillas have a very bad reputation. They used to raid the native fields and banana groves, so naturally there was war between the men and the apes, and the apes soon became as formidable and deadly antagonists as the men. They drove the men out of one village entirely. There is a road at Chabunda where the natives are so afraid of the gorillas they will go only in twos or threes—but these are gorillas that have been acquainted with men. The gorillas on our heights showed not the slightest intention of molesting us, and it was sheer luck and honest energy that won us a glimpse of them.

© Carl E. Akeley

Native guide standing at the entrance to a gorilla nest.

The gorilla goes on all fours, shambling. His arms are so long that his back seems very little bent. He can rise and walk on his hind feet, but the gait is uncertain. His toes are spread out like ours, but his fingers are knuckled under as he walks—indeed it is a peculiarity of the gorilla that he cannot straighten his fingers except when his wrist is bent.

When I first saw the print of that great hand—the largest in the world—I had an indescribable feeling, as if I had gone back thousands of years in time.

But the first sight of a wild gorilla! We were climbing a slope of Karissimbi to get a gorilla for Mr. Akeley's group—Mr. Akeley, my husband, Miss Miller, and I, when a sign from the guides made us freeze to attention. Far away some bushes were stirring.

Hurriedly we followed the guides in a circle that brought us out on the mountain above the spot they marked, and then we slid down the slope through thickets and tree roots, our hearts hammering with excitement. At last, cautiously, we stood up.

Below us, full in the sunlight, seventy-five feet away, was a huge old gorilla moving along beside a fallen log. I shall never forget the look of those shoulders—gigantic shoulders, black and shaggy. His side was to us and I could see the silver hairs on his back, for male gorillas are all silverbacks.

Now, if there were any truth in the stories, was the time for him to charge. I expected to hear him roar, to beat his breast, to make a sudden rush. He did nothing of the sort. It was my husband's gun that broke the stillness.

The gorilla fell out of sight; a moment later the moving bushes told us he was up and off, up a ridge. We tore after him. At the crest we had another glimpse of him, a terribly human figure, looking back over his shoulder, his great crest outlined against the sky. My husband shot again and the beast rolled down the hill, stone dead.

It was a dramatic thing to see him there, that king of the African forests dead in his solitudes. We had to remind ourselves very swiftly that he was a great deal more valuable to the world dead than alive, for he was a much desired scientific specimen.

He proved very large. His height was five feet seven and a half inches; his reach from the ground to upraised hand eight feet two inches; and from hand to hand seven feet eight and a half inches; his chest measure was between sixty-two and sixty-three inches; he weighed nearly four hundred pounds.

Mr. Akeley had licenses for ten gorillas; he took only five. The gorilla is too precious to be on the game lists. Hunting him is in no sense a sport. It has none of the hardy elements of lion or tiger hunting. It is just shooting a big monkey.

It is a very splendid thing that the Belgian Government has since concurred with Mr. Akeley's suggestion and made those gorilla heights a sanctuary for them. Afterward may come a biologic station where scientists from all over the world may study these remarkable creatures in their native state.

More than once our party saw bands with two or more males, thus destroying another story about the gorilla—the story that there is only one male to a troop.

THREE years later, on our recent journey through the cannibal country west of Lake Edward in the Belgian Congo, it was our good fortune to come on another, hitherto unknown, range of gorillas. Here the gorillas were unmolested by the natives, who have a superstitious dread of them; they believe that dead chiefs become gorillas and possess strong magic.

As an instance of the gorilla's character there was a story that very recently a gorilla came into the clearing where a Belgian official and his native soldiers were encamped. The gorilla ran up to the unarmed official, rose up in front of him, and stared earnestly in his face. It was said the official did not move —and I can believe it! Then the gorilla gave a derisive bark and ran off—his curiosity satisfied.

The natives say that when the men go into the fields the gorillas always make off, but when the women go there to work the gorillas will stay unconcerned. The women have no fear of the gorillas at all.

There were no stories here of a gorilla having molested women, but I did hear one legend along that line. The woman concerned was the wife of a chief who had banished her and she went out into the forest and lived in a hut for some years. By and by her hus-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AMONG GORILLAS
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

band wanted her to come back but she refused. Strange things began to happen in the village. The witch doctor did his usual stunt of divining, and people watched. Then, lo and behold! the woman was discovered going forth from her lonely hut every night into the forest to a gorilla camp.

There seems to have been some talk in the village as to whether or not to kill her as a witch. But there was fear that the gorillas would wreak vengeance, so the husband merely went and haled his wife home and tied her up.

At this point I expected the story to end in one of two ways —either the gorillas would come and get her, or she would turn into a gorilla and break her bonds. But no, the tale had the true native inconsequence. The woman stayed tied up until her husband believed she was over her madness. When he released her she cleared out and when last seen her footprints were following a troop of gorillas.

THE natives never capture a gorilla of their own accord, but four young ones were captured recently on Mikeno and Karissimbi by Mr. Benjamin Burbridge of Florida.

The little ones were taken, he said, not with nets but in actual combat. During the taking of the last Mr. Burbridge and his men were charged by an old man gorilla that burst out of the undergrowth "howling with rage and beating a tattoo of evil omen on his hairy chest."

Well, I'd beat a tattoo of evil omen and howl with rage, too, if anyone threatened my child!

Mr. Burbridge had to shoot and kill him. He got his four young apes safely over the two thousand miles to the coast; then three died. The irony of that was that he had promised one to the Belgian government in return for permission to capture four. Now the only living one is in the Zoo at Antwerp.

When last seen she was a restless, unhappy little thing, making her bed over and over in the wooden cradle already too small for her, or sitting hunched up, staring out through her glass prison with lackluster eyes at some vision, perhaps, of the old free slopes of Mikeno.

It may be thought that I take a sentimental view of the gorilla. I don't think so. I do full justice to his ability to defend himself and his eagerness to do it when occasion arises. That is a credit to his intelligence. I only say I see no reason to doubt his essential harmlessness when unmolested.

THE END

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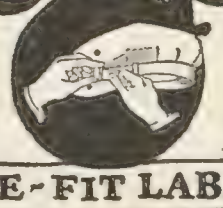

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Count Namovitch Orders *A* Bullet-Proof Vest

By
Charles Divine

PICTURES BY CLARK FAY

A Girl's Daydreams Come True in a Startling Drama of Love at Long Range

"PARFAIT! *I have found the spot," said Count Namovitch to his companion as they sat in the smoky atmosphere of the Cafe de la Rotunde.*

UNTIL the day Count Namovitch ordered a vest the life of Esther Hewitt had been led more in the imagination than anywhere else.

This other thing, this bread-and-butter existence spent in a furnished room where her only evening gown hung next to the frying pan, or in the great office spaces with a dictation pad to which Fate had consigned her after robbing her of her parents—this existence was not the real one that stirred her. It did not make her brown eyes forget their shyness, as they sometimes did, and gleam with a warm inner radiance while her sharply chiseled face was held straight ahead, eager and beautiful in profile.

Once she was so interested in a fresh dream drama (in which the Prince Charming drove a maroon-colored touring car with scarlet disk wheels) that she was halfway to the "L" station before she discovered that she was still carrying the garbage pail swinging in her hand.

For a week the streets were full of the Maroon-Colored Car with the Scarlet Disk Wheels. She didn't insist on Greek beauty in the driver as long as intelligence blazed in his eyes and a half-smile hovered over his lips. She liked a hero who could half smile.

But the sweetest drama of all was the affair of the Young Man in the Yellow Taxi. Part of it was true: it had actually happened as she was crossing Sixth Avenue one day. It was sweetest because the young man possessed incontrovertibly the intelligently blazing eyes and half-smile of her dream as, poking his head out of the taxi door, he shouted to the driver:

"Stop, do you hear! You splashed mud all over that young woman."

The driver had stopped his car at the curb, where, on the instant, the young man was outside apologizing to Esther and offering to give her a lift, a payment of indemnity which she accepted, being already late for work.

"They're training to be future politicians," said the young man, referring to taxi drivers. "They do so much mudslinging."

Even as the taxi caromed around a corner

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COUNT NAMOVITCH ORDERS A BULLET-PROOF VEST
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

and threw her against the young man's shoulder—one of two stalwart shoulders clad in Scotch tweed—Esther was aware that his face was handsome in an alert manner that quickened all her senses—the dark eyes, under strong, straight brows, unbelievably arresting, as if they too were cognizant of dreams beyond the day's commonplace encounters.

But there was nothing commonplace about this, Esther felt, while her heart beat fast, and the taxi skittered through dazed streets, and the young man, with another half-smile, deposited her at her door. It was the last half-smile she had ever had from him, for the next moment he was gone—had receded from reality into fantasy. But Esther went on for a whole month inventing speeches for his well-bred voice.

BUT his figure finally dimmed in the novelty of a new job, and even his half-smile faded; for all this had happened before Esther went to work in the office of the Charles Guy Beedy Company and Count Namovitch had ordered a vest.

The first day Esther endeared herself to Mr. Beedy, the president, by her behavior at the switchboard when she was relieving another girl. Somebody called up while he was out, and she asked who it was. "Mr. Beedy," said the voice. "Who?" repeated Esther. "Mr. Beedy!" repeated the voice. "How do you spell it?" pursued Esther. And then it dawned on her and she said, laughing: "Oh, it's you!"

The second day Esther was typing at her desk when she was startled by a shot that echoed among the partitions, and, being a nervous girl, her hands came down on the typewriter with all her fingers on the keys, jamming a dozen type-bars at once.

"Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed, and turned to the girls back of her. "What's that?"

"You'll get used to it, dearie," replied Miss Bole casually.

"Bu-but what is it?" Esther looked toward the other girl.

"They're trying out one of the bullet-proof vests," explained Jane Woughter, who had none of Lottie Bole's indifference. Lottie was blonde. Jane was soft, dark, and wistful.

"Bullet-proof vests!" echoed Esther. "Do we make those too?"

"Sure," put in Lottie Bole, licking an envelope. "Go back in the loft some day and you'll see. Beedy Bullet-Proof Metal. Whenever a customer wants to see if it works they shoot a forty-five at it."

Esther did go back to the loft as Miss Bole had advised her.

Here Tom Luzler, a thin, fair-haired young man, was in charge.

"Yes," he said, and gave Esther a shock, "I wear the vest every time there's a demonstration. No, I don't feel anything at all."

The bullet-proof vest Mr. Luzler wore—it weighed eight pounds—was made of the same gray material outside as the rest of his suit, so that Esther couldn't tell it from an ordinary vest. Of course, the vests were made of other materials too—black, blue, and loud checks for Mexicans and customers in South American countries where revolutionary gentlemen were frequent and vests had to be bullet-proof in back as well as in front.

Esther returned to her typewriter and began living dramas in which armored automobiles supplanted yellow taxis; a policeman was murdered in the United States every twenty-four hours; and ninety-eight per cent of all

THIS bread-and-butter existence—a dictation pad to which Fate had consigned her—was not the real one that stirred her.

mortal wounds were in the trunk of the body.

When the gun went off again that day Esther again came down on her typewriter with both hands—and had to erase afterward. But she saw that Miss Woughter had jumped, too.

"You've been here a long while, I thought," she said, "and yet you're not used to it."

Miss Woughter shuddered and said nothing. Miss Bole, however, spoke for her:

"Her young man is the one that wears the vest—Tom Luzler."

Esther gasped. Another shot sounded. Again she grabbed her typewriter and Miss Woughter winced.

"Every time that happens," confessed Miss Woughter with a moan, "I think the vest isn't going to work."

"You should have seen her at first," put in Miss Bole, with a giggle. "She used to run back every time to see if he was still alive."

"You would too," retorted Miss Woughter, "if he was going to marry you."

Esther nodded sympathetically; she was sensitive enough to know how Miss Woughter felt.

As the weeks passed and the shots sounded repeatedly back of the room where she worked, Esther had perfected one of her dream encounters to the point where, wearing a bullet-proof vest, she entered a den of international thieves and saved the Prince being held for ransom. Under her vest beat an untouched heart—untouched by all save this longing for love and the right man.

And then came the day when Count Namovitch ordered a vest. After all, a count was in the same noble category with a prince. The Count's name was Sasha Iskander Namovitch. His order came from Paris.

Esther, answering his letter with the assurance that the vest was being sent to him that day, was more thrilled than on the afternoon when the Peruvian Ambassador had called; for Count Namovitch appealed more to her imagination—she had seen the Peruvian Ambassador.

"Do you suppose he wants the vest because he's going to fight a duel?" Esther demanded of Lottie Bole.

"I don't know. I don't bother my head about those things."

SO Esther kept her speculations to herself, one day picturing Count Namovitch, tall, handsome, with large pale eyes, assailed by assassins; another day receiving the parcel containing the vest from America and carrying it up the secret stairway in the palace of some Balkan king—for it was intended for the King who had many enemies but too much *amour propre* to order the vest himself; another day Count Namovitch facing his implacable enemy in a deserted chateau and, pointing to the other side of the *salon*, saying:

"You see hanging there two vests. They look exactly alike. But one of them is bullet-proof—the other is not. You will cross the room and don one of the vests. I will wear the other. On the table you observe two pistols. You will take one and I the other. From opposite ends of the room we will fire at each other. If I fall you will know that the bullet-proof vest is on you. If I remain standing you will know nothing more. And the principality of Bovinia will be rid of a loathsome creature!"

By the time summer had passed Esther had worked up enough dramas of this nature to keep a dozen nations excited. By that time, too, Jane Woughter had married Tom Luzler, who had been shot at more than a thousand times and lived to tell the tale to prospective

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

IN 1926 November will have nothing on May. The custom in the past has been to show you the best pictures in the Fall and let Spring and Summer take the rest. But this Spring no fewer than 30 great Paramount Pictures are being released.

They are far greater shows than any ever released before in Spring months.

In fact, during 1926 there will be great Paramount Pictures week in and week out—an investment of unprecedented size, even for Paramount, resulting in brilliant productions constructed by the foremost directors, luxuriously presented, often with several stars, and the cast itself glittering with the stars of tomorrow.

This is based on your appreciation of great pictures in Spring and Summer just as much as Fall. You've never had them before from any source to anything like the extent that Paramount will give them to you this year. *For example:*

The Song and Dance Man

Geo. M. Cohan's famous comedy success

This is the true story of a trouper's life, showing you all the glamor of life on the variety stage, both behind the scenes and in front. Tom Moore is the song and dance man, and Bessie Love charlestons in the most authoritative manner. Harrison Ford, Norman Trevor and George Nash head a great cast.

When you see this picture you will realize why, as a play: it was so popular in New York; and why so many film companies bid for the right to screen it.

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in "TAMED"
Story by Fannie Hurst.

Greta Nissen
in "THE WANDERER"
with William Collier, Jr., Ernest Torrence.
A Raoul Walsh production.

Adolphe Menjou
in "THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER"
with Florence Vidor.

Thomas Meighan
in "THE NEW KLONDIKE"
with Lila Lee—It's a comedy—about Florida.
Written by Ring Lardner.

Zane Grey's
"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"
with Richard Dix,
Lois Wilson and Noah Beery.

"DANCING MOTHERS"
with Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce,
Clara Bow and Donald Keith.
A Herbert Brenon Production.

Richard Dix
in two great pictures
"TAKE A CHANCE" and
"LET'S GET MARRIED"

"BEHIND THE FRONT"
The sunny side of the war
with Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and
Mary Brian.

"THE BLIND GODDESS"
with Jack Holt, Esther Ralston.
From Arthur Train's dynamic novel.

—and eighteen more to turn Spring into Fall.

Scene from
"The Song and Dance Man"
with Tom Moore and Bessie Love
A Herbert Brenon Production

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LONG, lazy rollers, crested with dazzling white, glittering like sapphires as they break. A sky, deeply, brilliantly, incredibly blue. Golden sunlight that floods every living thing with energy and vitality for twelve hours each day. And along the white sands, dotted with blazing umbrellas and vari-colored bathing machines, a regal array of coconut palms marches down this coast of Coral Gables—Tahiti Beach.

Perfect roads curve along the vivid sea. Skimming hydroplanes and roaring sea-sleds tempt the sportsman. And everywhere, at all seasons, the kind of people you like to meet—distinguished men and women from every corner of both the Americas.

Tahiti Beach is destined to take its place with Deauville and The Lido as one of the great watering places of the world. Yet it is but one of the many advantages that focus the eyes of the world on Coral Gables. A glorious climate is one. Life-giving sunshine the year round is one. Accessibility is another, for Coral Gables is within forty hours of seven-eighths of our population. Outdoor sports claim their thousands of devotees, eager for golf, riding, tennis and other sports that enliven every day, winter or summer.

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To hundreds and thousands of women, these new Osborn *Blue Handle* Household Brushes are a housekeeping necessity—and a housekeeping economy, because they cost less and wear longer.

Osborn Brushes are lower in price, they are better wearing, because they are made by Osborn, one of the largest and oldest brush manufacturers in America.

Osborn Brushes are never sold by house-to-house canvassers. Go to your favorite department, drug or hardware store and select individual brushes or one of the popular Osborn Good Housekeeping assortments—every brush clean and fresh in its own dust-proof container.

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Sanitary Bowl Brush
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The Count cried out. On his back in the gravel path, with the vigorous weight of the other on his chest, he had to submit to an ignominious probing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

clients. Also, Mr. Beedy, inventor of the bullet-proof vest, had found no garment, not even his own, proof against Cupid's arrow, for he fell in love with the woman whose sweetly drawling voice had come so often over the telephone, and they were married at St. Thomas'.

Everybody seemed to be setting out "to live happily ever after" except Esther. But then she had Count Namovitch with the large, pale eyes. She had him until the October morning when, reading her newspaper in the "L" train going to the office, she came upon the item:

(Special Cable to the Gazette)

PARIS, Oct. 25.—The police have forbidden Count Sasha Iskander Namovitch, a Russian, to attempt to fight a duel with an American, Wayne Prescott, an architect studying at Lalou's atelier. The Count, claiming it is an affair of honor, tried to force the American to fight him yesterday but the police discovered the participants going into a field outside Saint-Cloud and prevented the duel. The Count declares he will carry out his intention. The police threaten arrest if he persists. The cause of the quarrel is not known.

After reading the Paris dispatch a burning warmth suffused Esther, brought the color to her cheeks, and made her heart beat fast.

"He's going to wear the vest!" she told herself excitedly, and tried to picture the scenes in which Count Namovitch now moved.

The awful truth dawned upon her. Count Namovitch was going to fight a duel with pistols with an American and wear the bullet-proof vest so that he would live and the other would be—why, it was murder!

Count Namovitch was no longer the hero; he was the villain.

Esther was so stirred by the thought of this drama instigated by Count Namovitch, in which at last she felt herself involved, that when Mr. Beedy came into the office late and asked her: "Anything startling today, Miss Hewitt?" she felt like replying, "Yes. One of our bullet-proof vests is going to be used to kill a man!"

BUT instead, fearing the boss's ridicule perhaps, good-natured though it might be, she kept the news to herself. It was *her* secret. She felt a personal responsibility in it. Hadn't she been the one to file the Count's letter and direct that his order be filled? At that time she had harbored no thought that an American, a compatriot, was to suffer for it.

She wondered what he was like. Evidently an obscure person, for the newspaper printed no further facts about him, neither under the Paris date line nor in an added local note. Even so, he was an American! And too good for any Namovitch to kill!

But what could she do to stop it, to save the American architect alone in Paris and about to be the Russian's victim? The only thing she could think of was to send him a cablegram of warning. But what should she say? Besides, she had no business to send a message as coming from the Charles Guy Beedy Company. If she sent a cablegram it would have to be her own personal message. What was the American's name? Wayne Prescott. But she didn't know his address, unless the atelier where he was studying would be enough.

Lalou's atelier, as she discovered by inquiring at the Architects' Building at noon, was situated in Paris at number 48 rue de la Grande Chaumiere. Scanning the address as she walked back through the streets, Esther found herself wishing there weren't so many words in it, and with that thought came its sequel in the expense involved, compelling immediate attention.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

She had only five dollars left from last week's pay, and tomorrow was Saturday, and that five dollars was a necessary part of the amount needed to pay the remaining installment on her coat. It was a nice coat of a mouse-colored hue, with gray fur on the collar and down each side in a decorative triangle. Perhaps a cablegram would cost less than she feared. That was her hope as she turned into a telegraph office and made her inquiry at the desk.

"Twenty-three cents a word to Paris," replied the clerk, and Esther began figuring hastily on a telegraph blank. "Do you want a cablegram blank, miss?"

"N—no." Esther hesitated. "I—I just wanted to find out how much it costs." The sound of the telegraph instruments, filling the place with a feverish clicking, a kind of stuttering panic, seemed to emphasize the need for action. But the pencil with which she figured nervously was computing a great amount of pennies.

The address alone would cost $2.76. Then the message itself couldn't be shortened more than to: "Examine Count Namovitch's vest for fraud before meeting him." Should she add the words "Look in the lining"? And how should she sign it? "Esther Hewitt"? No, that would mean nothing to him. Perhaps she should simply say "A Friend."

The cablegram, as she wrote it on a practice blank, came to a total that knocked her five dollars silly and, hesitating, she went out into the street again with the message crumbled in her hand.

"I'll go and take a look at the coat again," she told herself. "That'll probably bring me to my senses!"

It *was* a sweet coat, she commented, when she stood in front of the window admiring it. She noted the ample collar and the promise of warmth in the material. The cold wind in the street made her shiver; but perhaps that was because she hadn't had lunch.

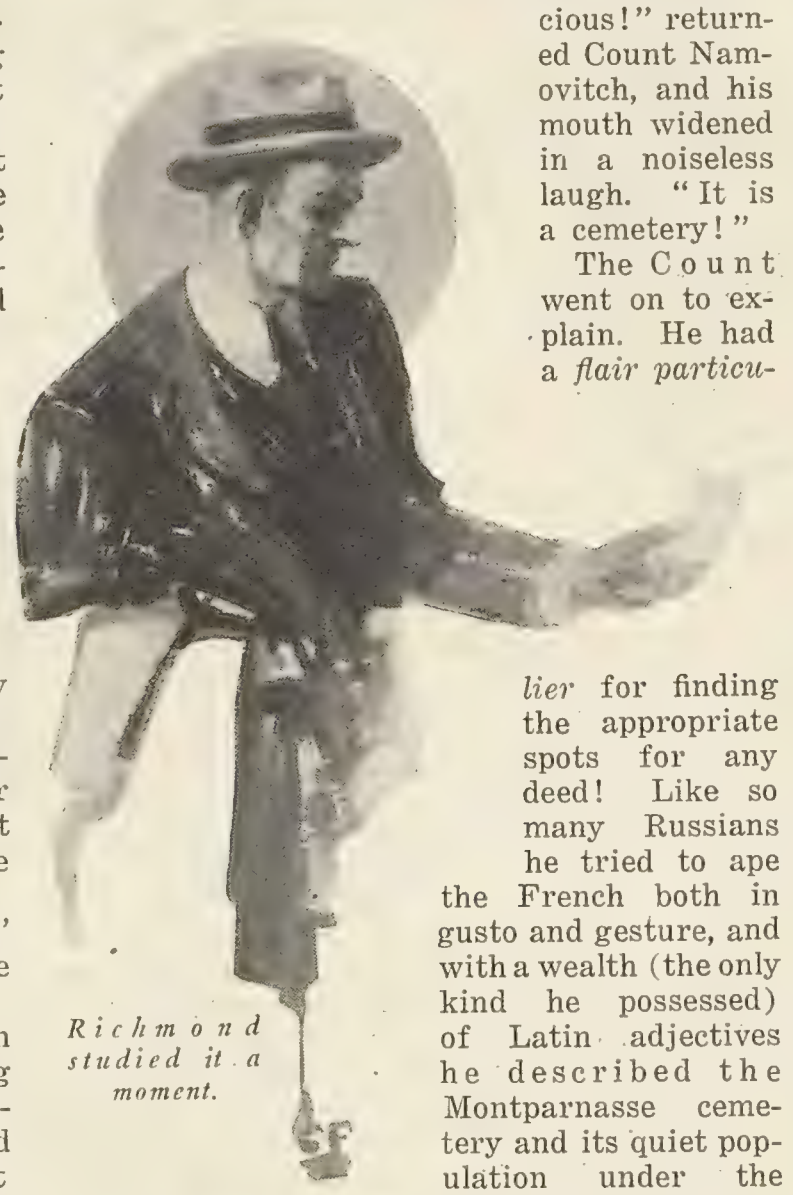
With this thought she turned to a soda fountain for a sandwich and a cup of hot chocolate while still debating what to do. She went back to the window where the coat hung draped around a model. But Wayne Prescott in Paris was about to be shot! This very day, while he was about to be killed far away in Paris, was she going to stand here selfishly feasting her eyes on a mere coat?

With a decisive step she hurried back to the telegraph office, wrote her cablegram over again on a proper blank, handed it to the clerk, paid him, and went into the street again with her five-dollar bill broken beyond redemption, but with a strange singing in her heart.

"*PARFAIT!* I have found the spot," said Count Sasha Iskander Namovitch to his companion, Dmitri Kropotkin, as they sat in the smoky, noisy atmosphere of the Cafe de la Rotunde in Paris. With Count Namovitch everything was a gesture. And on a grand scale. "The spot where I will fight this pig of an American is near by. You will be astonished, Dmitri. And the duel will take place tonight. But first I must go home."

Count Namovitch, who was tall, maintained a superbly dignified bearing. There was a trace of Tartar in his face, with wide cheek bones and a black mustache so stringy as to be almost Mongolian. His eyes, instead of being large and pale, were flashing—vindictive. When he said "home" he referred to the modest pension in the small, respectable rue de Balzac, just off the Champs Elysees, where he lived (at his sister's expense) when he wasn't at cafes. But inasmuch as he was always in, at, going to, or coming from one or another of those places, the rue de Balzac saw little of him. Often his bed there went unslept in. In the armoire beside it hung his bullet-proof vest from America.

"Where is this rendezvous?" asked Dmitri, already astonished at his friend's words.



Richmond studied it a moment.

"It is delicious!" returned Count Namovitch, and his mouth widened in a noiseless laugh. "It is a cemetery!"

The Count went on to explain. He had a *flair particulier* for finding the appropriate spots for any deed! Like so many Russians he tried to ape the French both in gusto and gesture, and with a wealth (the only kind he possessed) of Latin adjectives he described the Montparnasse cemetery and its quiet population under the tombstones back of the high wall that ran along the Boulevard Edgar Quinet.

The Great War's aftermath had brought the Count's sisters, the Countesses, into a Paris shop where they sold blouses and dresses with Russian embroidery; and had reduced Sven Sundaborg, a Swede of his acquaintance, to the Montparnasse cemetery as watchman. For ten francs Sven would let the duel be held there—and take his chances of the shots being traced to such an unsuspected spot.

"Astounding!" commented Dmitri.

"An ideal spot," returned the Count, "to let a bullet inform an American that he cannot insult Russians!" The Count was wrong in his use of the plural: the only Russian whom Wayne Prescott had insulted was Count Namovitch. "No wonder he is without a friend in the world," went on the Count—and again he was wrong: it was merely that Wayne Prescott *thought* he had no friend. "You will go to this pedantic species of individual who has consented to act as his second," the Count directed Dmitri, "and tell him that at midnight they are to be let in at the cemetery gate—the one that gives on the Boulevard Edgar Quinet."

The Count rose, leaving Dmitri to inherit the pile of saucers on the cafe table.

"But why must you go to your hotel first?" demanded Dmitri.

The Count, who was thinking of his vest from America, replied eloquently:

"I am going to write my will. . . . One never knows!"

With a shrug he strode out of the cafe.

When he returned later he found Dmitri awaiting him with the news that the American and his second had been told and would keep the rendezvous.

At ten minutes before twelve the Count and Dmitri, who carried two pistols under his coat, started for the cemetery along the west side of the Boulevard Raspail, past shuttered shops and silent doors.

APPROACHING the same spot were Wayne Prescott and Paul Richmond, two tall figures; the latter more solidly built and swinging a cane emphatically as he talked; the former moving along glumly, his hands in his pockets, through the faint glow of street lamps and the empty shadows under the sycamores.

Richmond was still expostulating.

"No," returned Prescott evenly. "It's very decent of you to talk to me this way—but I might as well go through with it. There's nobody to care whether I get bumped off or not."

"But, surely, your father——"

"No, Richmond. It's no use. I told you he married again. Since that day he hasn't spoken to me."

"But, damn it, man, the principle of the thing! Count Namovitch is a crack shot!"

"So I've heard."

Prescott lapsed into silence.

At the edge of the sidewalk the wind sent some leaves rattling over the gravel border like dry bones.

Far off a taxi horn breathed its one-lunged, dismal howl.

"The trouble with you," began Richmond again, "is you've lost your sense of humor."

"I suppose so," rejoined Prescott listlessly, "though there was a time when I would have fought a man who accused me of it."

"A sense of humor or a sense of perspective. It's the same thing. Psychologically you've got yourself into a morbid state. I know the real trouble. You should have stayed home in America. That's the place for architects now—and Lord knows your equipment is better than most young men's! But no, you thought you should live in Paris, work in Paris, study in Paris——"

"That's past, the work and the study!"

"And yet you stay on here; still trying to graft on to your native character a personality unnatural to you. You——"

"Yes, Richmond; as an amateur psychologist you must find a number of things wrong with me."

"No more than with other people. The only trouble with you is that now you are depressive. The elevator is at the bottom of your psychic shaft, if I may use a homely figure of speech. You need to press the lever up, that's all."

"I'd rather let Count Namovitch press the trigger."

"You make me ill!"

Again silence fell between them.

After a moment Richmond felt impelled to resume:

"Now if you could only crack a smile or laugh or fall in love——"

"Even that suggestion doesn't make me laugh."

"——or change your environment, why, then you might make the adjustment necessary to bring you back to normal."

Again silence in the unpopulated streets, and then footsteps sounded running behind them, whereupon they turned to find the *garçon* of their hotel stopping, breathless.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[COUNT NAMOVITCH ORDERS A BULLET-PROOF VEST
Continued from Page Forty-one]

"A cablegram for you, *m'sieu'!*" he said to Prescott.

"For me?" Prescott took the envelope, surprised.

"*Oui, m'sieu'*. I thought it might be important. It came a moment after you left the hotel. I thought I had better give it to you now. *Bonne nuit, messieurs. Bonne promenade!*"

THE *garcon* turned back, and Prescott, holding the sealed envelope in his hand, walked on as he remarked to Richmond: "I can't imagine anybody sending *me* a cablegram."

"Aren't you going to open it?"

"I suppose so."

Under the next street lamp they stopped while Prescott tore open the envelope and read:

WAYNE PRESCOTT
ATELIER LALOU
48 RUE DE LA GRANDE CHAUMIERE
PARIS
EXAMINE COUNTS VEST FOR FRAUDIN LINING BEFORE MEETING HIM FRIEND ESTHER

"I don't make much of it," commented Prescott, handing it to his companion.

Richmond studied it a moment and then spoke excitedly:

"It's some kind of a warning about the Count! Something about his vest. I don't get that word 'fraudin,' though. However, it's important—there's no doubt of that. Somebody's effort to warn you. Who's Esther?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. Somebody's idea of a joke."

"No, no. It comes from New York. Look here, man! This will bear investigation——"

"All right. You look into it."

Richmond fell into a thoughtful silence, puzzling over the cablegram, as they continued their way to the cemetery.

Count Namovitch was there before them.

Now the Count at this moment was feeling an almost ecstatic satisfaction, delighting in the unusual scene—the entrance into the tombstone-littered cemetery—lighted by the moon; the wind talking in the tiles on the roof of Sven's one-room house among the tombs; and the knowledge that Sven, a droll and garrulous fellow, would start people talking about this for years to come: The monument to the great de Maupassant in the gravel path where they halted to take up their positions; the silence (undoubtedly trembling) on the part of his opponent; the awe of Dmitri as he presented the pistols to Prescott's second for examination; and that person's last-minute attempt at cowardly peacemaking which the Count took pleasure in frustrating with an oath.

Count Namovitch felt that this moment marked the apogee of a colorful career.

"Let us begin," he said sharply to Richmond, who stood between him and Prescott with Sven hovering beside them with his lantern. "Has *monsieur* never seen a pistol before that he takes so long scrutinizing it?"

But the next moment Richmond showed that he was bent on examining more than the Count's pistols, for, slipping them in his pocket, he suddenly flung open the Count's coat and seized his vest, letting out a cry of discovery as he did so.

At the same moment the Count cried out too, but not with pleasure. On his back in the gravel path where he soon lay with the vigorous weight of the other on his chest, he had to submit to an ignominious probing.

Dmitri protested in vain. Richmond, threatening him with a pistol, told him to keep quiet. With Sven's lantern brought close, Richmond pointed out the peculiar qualities of the Count's vest.

"Do you see, Prescott?" he cried. "The lining is packed with strips of metal!"

Prescott bent over to look.

"It protects him all the way up to his collar," went on Richmond, amazed. "There's a section under his shirt."

PRESCOTT straightened up and among the graves of Montparnasse a strange thing happened: Laughter sounded, first from Prescott, then Richmond, and then Sven, the watchman, and then from all three together.

"*Quelle blague!*" exclaimed Sven, putting down his lantern in order to howl more effectively. "The way to fight duels," he shouted derisively. "Oh, the brave Count!"

Dmitri stood dumfounded, gazing at his miserable principal, who got weakly to his feet so thoroughly undramatized that he had not a gesture left.

"When they hear of this in the cafes——" began Dmitri disgustedly.

But the Count was already slinking toward the gate.

A quarter of an hour later Prescott and Richmond were walking back to their hotel, their voices elated and Prescott so weak from continual laughter that from time to time he had to cling to his companion's shoulder for support.

"My only duel is over!" There was a new note of interest in his voice. "Bloodless. Bulletless."

"But your opponent was fatally wounded—in his dignity!"

Again they went into gales of merriment.

DURING the next few days Esther scanned the New York papers in vain for news from Paris; but neither that week nor the ensuing ones brought her any item about Count Namovitch and his duel.

She concluded that the affair had been circumvented, perhaps by the police rather than her cablegram, or else the newspapers no longer took the matter seriously.

Perhaps, after all, it was just a fake; she had heard about such things. If so, she had wasted her cablegram.

By a sparse diet and Spartan discipline she managed to save enough money on her meals to make up the five dollars for her coat; but when she went to the shop the man told her that she had forfeited her deposit by overrunning the time limit and he had sold the coat to another customer.

Esther went back into the street shivering, and groped her way home through rain and sleet. She was forced to buy a cheaper coat the next day; but so long had she deprived herself of one that now she came down with a cold. She began snuffling, and then even a snuffle couldn't get through her nose while hot and cold chills raced up and down her body.

She had to quit work and stay in her room, sick and disconsolate. Whenever she thought of the Paris cablegram, as she lay in bed suffering, she told herself that she had been just a plain fool! Now she was running up a doctor's bill, and the doctor didn't know yet whether or not her cold would go into penumonia.

"I wish I were dead!" she thought, gazing dully around her room.

But some attachment to life stirred within Esther with sufficient force to conquer both lethargy and malady and eventually she was well enough to go back to her desk, next to Lottie Bole and Jane Woughter, now Mrs. Tom Luzler. Lottie too had just been married, and in extending her sympathies to Esther she said:

"When you see me getting married you know there's something in it! You ought to be hitched to some good man who'd take care of you. Like me and Jane."

"Yes—" Jane started to agree, when bang! the near-by sound of another bullet fired at her husband in the Beedy Bullet-Proof Vest shook the walls and Jane's acquiescence changed to a moan.

"Buck up!" said Lottie. "Even a husband that gets shot at is better than none."

Esther was willing to believe it.

One morning, when all was quiet along the corridors and the only detonating sounds came from the girls' typewriters, Esther was distracted from her work by Lottie's voice drawing her attention to a caller.

"He wants to see you," said Lottie.

Esther looked up. At the sight of the young man her hands gripped the typewriter as if the office gun had just gone off.

The young man came forward eagerly.

"I've met you before somewhere," he said, and a puzzled look came into his eyes.

They were wonderfully nice eyes, as Esther had known long ago, observing them again in this breathless moment while their glances met and clung together.

"Yes," she replied, oblivious to the fact that Lottie and Jane sat gaping, open-mouthed. "You are the young man in the yellow taxi. The one that splashed mud all over me."

"That's it!" he cried, with evident pleasure at the recollection. "More than a year ago. I remember."

Remember? Esther would never forget.

And now the intelligently blazing eyes, the half-smile, the whole handsome face of the young man, had come out of dreams into reality again, leaning toward her where she sat clutching the carriage of her typewriter.

"Your name is Esther, isn't it?"

"Yes—Esther Hewitt."

"I know. But I'm going to go on calling you Esther. I'm Wayne Prescott."

Her hands left her typewriter so violently that the released carriage shot over with a bang, but no louder than the thump she felt in her heart.

"FROM — from Paris?" she gasped, and rose from her chair as he nodded. "Then you got my cable?"

"Yes. And I can't thank you too much," he went on, taking her hand. "I had the devil's own time getting your address from the telegraph company. But at last they found it in their files, signed at the bottom of that message—and I came right to you. I want to tell you—to tell you that—that——"

Perhaps it was Esther's eyes, or the presence of the two other girls agog with curiosity, that made him unable to go on at that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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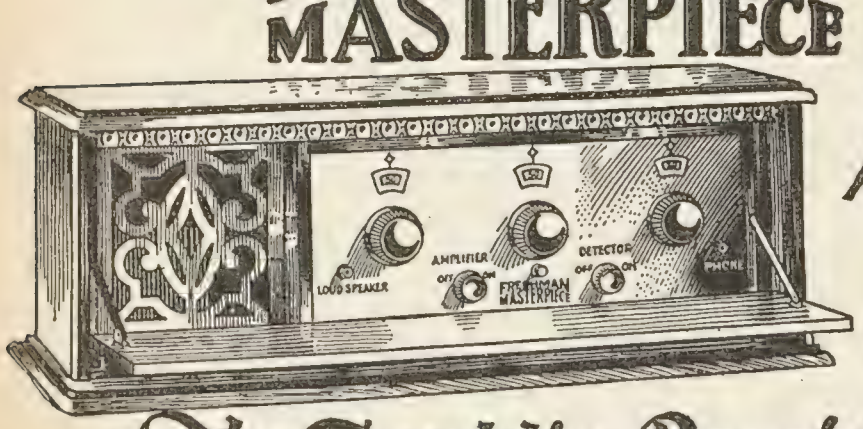

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Sold on Convenient Terms by Authorized Freshman Dealers, Who Also Install and Service Them

Write for 24-page illustrated booklet full of useful information for all radio fans

CHAS. FRESHMAN CO., INC. Freshman Building, New York 2626 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago

[COUNT NAMOVITCH ORDERS A BULLET-PROOF VEST
Continued from Page Forty-three]

moment. Anyway, he paused, and then asked:

"Can't you have lunch with me? Now?"

Esther hesitated. "I'm not supposed to go till one."

"I'll watch the switchboard," spoke up Lottie Bole. "Go ahead, you and your boy friend!"

A flush reddened Esther's cheeks as she left the room with Wayne Prescott.

In front of the elevator, where they found the corridor deserted at the moment, he seized her outstretched hand.

"Don't press the button yet! I want to tell you now what your cable did for me."

"Then there *was* a duel?" asked Esther excitedly.

"There would have been but for you. You saved my life and restored to me some remnant of a sense of humor."

She caught her breath.

"You mean it was funny? What I did?"

"It was wonderful! It was the Count who was funny. And a good friend of mine named Richmond did the rest. He made me see that I ought to come back here at once. I feel like a new man. But come on," he said, elated, as he signaled the elevator to stop, "I'll give you all the details at lunch."

In the street he led her across the sidewalk to the curb.

"Get in," he said; "we'll ride."

BUT Esther came to an abrupt standstill, her heart pounding fast, as she gazed on a Maroon-Colored Car with Scarlet Disk Wheels.

"Is—is this yours?" she stammered.

He smiled at her amazement.

"Father says it is. He gave it to me only yesterday, up to which time he had been in the habit of giving me liberal presents of silence. But that's over, too, now, thank Heaven! Get in. Where do you go for lunch in this neighborhood?"

"Usually to a cafeteria around the corner, but not in a car like this. It would be like stepping out of the sublime into the ridiculous."

"Then we'll go somewhere else today."

He settled himself beside her. But before he reached for the starter he paused to look at her steadily again. "By the way, Esther, are you married?"

Esther shook her head extremely slowly, as if she were in a trance from which all abrupt actions were suspended; and she was—in a trance of rapture.

"No—I'm not married."

And his comment as he finally started the car was:

"That's fine! Neither am I."

THE END

"Like a hair cut and fresh collar—you've got to have it," says BOYD, architect

he means

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

WHERE is the prosperous business or professional man who isn't well-groomed? Glo-Coing the hair is a regular morning practice with successful men everywhere. It keeps the hair neat and in place all day.

Glo-Co Hair Dressing is a liquid, not a sticky, greasy paste or cream. Good for the scalp too. Your doctor would recommend it. Stimulates the roots of the hair to new growth and helps keep dandruff away.

Watch out for dandruff, if you don't want to be bald. Take a Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp to soften the scurf, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of this marvelous shampoo frees the scalp from every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with GLO-CO Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply GLO-CO Hair Dressing or Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.

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"When I enrolled for LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy," writes J. L. Trudell, a Michigan man, "I was doing the simplest kind of clerical work. I had had no previous bookkeeping experience. Before completing half the course, three promotions brought me to be Assistant to the Chief Accountant. Within another year I was given entire charge of accounting, over about thirty-five assistants. My present earnings are nearly 200 per cent more than when I first enrolled."

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☐ Traffic Management
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

Mr. Dooley's War Recollections

Pictures by Albert T. Reid

"THEY chased the fleet wurrukin' man over roofs an' whin they left him he owned a four-an'-a-half per cint, but was without carfare."

By

Finley Peter Dunne

Stay-at-Home Patriots Hand the Old Irishman Many a Laugh

"SO manny people," said Mr. Dooley, "ar-re writin' their reminiscences iv th' gr-reat war, I don't see why I shudd'nt take a crack at it. Somebody ought to get out a book to tell about th' privations an' anguish iv th' brave fellows who stayed at home an' guarded th' fireplace or th' base-burner. Th' laste onplisint feature iv a war is th' fightin'. I will set down th' thribylations iv the mute, or if not mute annyhow ingloryous, heroes who done all their chargin' at home over th' counter.

"Will thin, at th' beginnin' iv th' war, I placed me sarvices on th' altar iv me counthry at wanst. Me first idee was to be a gin'ral. I was old an' tired an' I cud handle a long-distance tillyphone with th' nex' man. But on sicond thought I made up me mind I cud be iv more sarvice stickin' around th' home town where I knew th' names iv th' sthreets. Peace, as th' pote says, has its victhries less dang'rous to life an' limb thin war. So I le'pt to me feet with wan wild hurrah an' limped to th' recruitin' office.

"Ye've heerd iv heroes puttin' on wigs an' swearin' thimsilves tin years younger thin they were so they cud be zig-zagged acrost th' deep an' planted in two feet iv mud in a thrench. Well, sir, that was nawthin' to th' sacrifices iv truth I made to be a home body. I had to convince th' absentee warryor who examined me that I was a grown-up man at the Siege iv Limerick, that I was blind iv an eye, that I had conscientious scruples again war, that I was ingaged in an issintyal industhree, that I was half-witted, that I was th' sole support iv me aged parents, that I was a profissyonal tennis-player that cud be used betther teachin' th' rookies how to lob, that I had a fine tenor voice that suited me to a job in th' shipyards, that I was a Dimmycrat, a Quaker, a prize-fighter, a mimber iv th' Gas-Fitters' Union, an' a fri'nd iv Senator O'Brien. 'Besides,' says I, 'I'm a born polthroon.'

"So I give me place to a German who was pleadin' f'r a chanct to go home an' shoot his Uncle Otto an' besides wanted to get into th' army where his life wud be safe fr'm pathriotic American females, an' hoppin' on a sthreet car wint to me disolated home an' begun military op'rations be raisin' th' price iv all commodities—wines, liquors, and see-gars—to me customers. I'd read that it was niciss'ry to bring th' war home to ivrybody an' I acted with dispatch. Well do I remimber th' hour whin it first dawned on ye that ye'er counthry was in peril. 'Twas whin I raised th' tariff on tin-cint see-gars to fifteen cints. 'What's th' m'anin' iv this?' says ye. 'We ar-re at war,' says I. An' be th' look in ye'er eye I knew I spoke th' thruth.

"Th' nex' day th' War Department sint a band around to arouse us to fury be playin' 'Keep th' Home Fires Burnin'.' Be that token, I knew th' price iv coal was goin' up an' I hurri'd down to Mullarky's. I found that jovial flour, feed, coal, an' ice merchant standin' on his scales weighin' out a wagon load iv dusky di'mon's. 'That's a gr-reat chune they've brought out,' he says. '"Keep th' home fires burnin' coal,"' he says. 'How much d'ye charge f'r those fireproof rocks?' says I. 'It will be thirty dollars a ton to ye,' he says. 'It's burglary,' says I. 'It's war,' says he.

"Me nex' step was to jine th' home resarve. In ivry large city bunches iv inthrepid citizens got together to help th' polis if th' dhregs iv Europe put up a kick agin th' dhraft. These here rigimints were med up intirely iv hardy fellows who'd been previnted be th' infirmities iv property fr'm goin' to what was called the fr-ront. Th' idee was that if their adopted counthry thried to fit th' dhregs into a pair iv khaki pants they wud leap, ye might say, fr'm th' meltin' pot into th' fire. That is to say, Hinnissy, these exthracks iv foreign lands wud lay down their throwels, shears, tire-pumps, gasoleen cans an' chestnut roasters an' raise up in brutish wrath, mind ye, an' burn an' ravish our noble cities where they were livin' with their fam'lies and buyin' sewin' masheens on th' installment plan. Onforchnitly, our fears come to nought or aven less. Whin I see th' refuse iv Europe goin' off to battle, with their sthraw suitcases in their hands, an' singin' an' laughin' because they wudd'nt have to punch th' clock again f'r years, I knew that what our colonel called th' Heelot rebillion was off.

"IV course, we didn't disband. Nawthin' disbanded during th' war but th' Mannerchors an' th' German hospitals an' breweries. Wanst ye put a unyform on wan iv our brave fellows, ye cudd'nt scald it off him. An' I'll say we had nate unyforms, specyally designed f'r us be our major who run a sweatshop in th' pipin' times iv peace. We carried revolvers an' large clubs to bat th' offscourin's iv Europe excipt thim that was on th' reg'lar polis force.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Offer You $15 a Day

Make $15 a day selling this wonderful new household article that has taken the country by storm. It is CED-O-BAG—a moth-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof storage bag for clothes, blankets and furs. It is the greatest, fastest-selling household article that has come on the market for years. Every housewife wants one, buys on sight.

CED-O-BAGS are made from rubberized fabric which has been chemically treated. They are patented, nothing else like them. Instead of a small, easily torn paper bag or a clumsy, expensive cedar chest, a CED-O-BAG provides adequate space for two to four garments. And yet, with all these distinctive advantages CED-O-BAGS are priced for quick sale.

Ced-O-Bags Offer Big Profits

There is a chance for you to clean up a lot of money in your town at once just by taking orders for CED-O-BAGS. L. H. Green went out and made a clear profit of $12 in one afternoon. J. V. Davis took five orders in one evening and was $5 richer. Edith Phillips made $53 in one week's spare time (evenings). You can do as well, or better.

No Experience Needed

You don't need experience or training. Every home in your town is a live prospect.

All you have to do is show the housewife a CED-O-BAG and take her order. We deliver and collect. You get your profits at once, and move on to the next house and take another order. Everyone buys. Geo. Jones took 22 orders in two days' spare time and had a clear profit of $22. 21 agents report an average profit of $3 an hour.

How Much Money Do You Want?

Would you like to make an extra $100 or $200 a month, in your spare time? Would you like to gather a lump sum of $500 or $600 in a couple of months? If you would, here is your chance. Mail me the coupon and I will tell you all about this money-making proposition. I will show you how you can make $15 a day or more in this easy, pleasant, engaging work. I will show you the way to quick profits — big profits. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 507-F Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Now

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 507-F, Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

[MR. DOOLEY'S WAR RECOLLECTIONS Continued from Page Forty-five]

To thim it was our jooty to offer all th' assistance in our power. But we were rebuffed be these rude mercynaries who said, 'Goowan away home, Ceedric.' Some iv our more darin' spirits thried to arouse th' constab'l'ry to a sinse iv jooty. But they soon found it was betther to let a sleepin' polisman lie, an' betther still, whin they were hauled into th' polis coort charged with drunkenness an' disordherly conduck, let a lyin' polisman sleep.

"Th' nex' place where I exposed me life was th' Intilligince Department iv th' ar-rmy. Whin th' army an' navy wint away they placed their intilligince in th' hands iv civilians who returned it to thim intact afther th' war. I didn't know at first which wan iv these Stonewall Brigades I wud jine. It was a choice iv pants. Some iv me fri'nds were atthracted to a life on rollin' Main Sthreet in white ducks. But I fin'lly decided on th' more stern ridin' breeches iv dark twill with a graceful what ye might call gigot effect in th' overhang.

"OUR jooties were exactin' an' our discipline severe. We weren't allowed to call each other be our rale names f'r fear they might be overheard be German spies. Whin we met, aven if it was in th' secrecy iv a dairy lunch counter, 'twas first a salute an' thin 'Good mornin', Major.' 'Good mornin', Colonel.' 'How's Mrs. Major an' all th' little majors, Major?' 'Well, Colonel, I thank ye kindly, Colonel, Colonel, Colonel.' Befure th' peace was signed, I was wore out fr'm salutin'. Ye may think it was aisy, but I'll tell ye childher, ye niver had to walk through th' serried ranks iv gin'rals, lootinant-gin'rals, major-gin'rals an' brigadeer-gin'rals that crowded our thurrryfares in thim dark days an' r'alize that if ye didn't give thim th' simaphore, ye'd find ye'ersilf in a dungeon bedad, with th' wather dhrippin' on ye'er head an' th' mice atin' ye'er puttees.

"We were what th' Fr-rinch wud call th' corpse deleet, th' shock throops iv th' rear. Mind ye, Hinnissy, I'll say nawthin' to dethract fr'm other branches iv th' sarvice. Me heart throbs whin I think iv th' thousan's an' thousan's of bond salesmen, sojery young fellows, who stormed th' loftiest buildin's an' th' most impregnable basements, foorcin' rich an' poor alike to unbelt fr' th' soovenirs bearin' th' sainted name iv William G. McAdoo.

"Thin there were th' reckless souls who flung caution to th' winds an' j'ined th' War Savings phalanx. There were myraids iv these unknown warryors, stern, relentless men, who wud not be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Add Charm This Way

Do you long for charm and daintiness — *poise?*

Fastidious women have a secret — two centuries old — that assures personal daintiness throughout the entire day. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is their *imperative* toilette necessity.

This rare toilette water is a personal deodorant.

At Your Dealer's— 2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.00.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

It *neutralizes*—but does not check natural perspiration. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is a dainty addition to the bath; after the bath it is a final touch of finesse.

Eau de Cologne—No. 4 cleans every tiny pore—leaves the skin silk soft . . . a perfect base for powder.

Send for this Free Sample

A most generous sample is waiting for you. Send 25 cents to cover postage and packing charges. *It is yours!*

USE THIS COUPON

Service Laboratories, Inc., 1926 W. 18th St., Chicago

I enclose 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the generous sample of Eau de Cologne—*at once!*

Name.....

Address.....

My Druggist is.....

(Please PRINT in Pencil) EC-9

I ENVY NO MAN

I LIVE in Bradenton, where nature has been unusually kind to us humans. Beauty abounds on all sides, in sea, land and air. Sunshine, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow!

Choose your sport—golf, fishing, surf-bathing, boating—we have them all, under ideal conditions the year 'round. Motor roads, like city boulevards, reach out in all directions.

Building activity galore — but very, very substantial, because Bradenton, as Florida's most fertile garden center yielding many crops of vegetables and fruit a season, was founded by affluent sons of the soil. Orange and grapefruit groves abound here.

I envy no man—I live in Bradenton. Why not join us?

BRADENTON
Chamber of Commerce
P. O. Box 51, Bradenton, Fla.

CHILDREN CRY FOR Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation	Wind Colic	To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency	Diarrhea	Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

denied. I can see thim now in their thrim alpacy coats. Again I hear their battle cry iv 'Get stuck on th' stamps.' They wrought gr-reat havoc among th' German spies durin' th' warm weather. Many a imissary iv th' Kaiser on reachin' into his inside pocket f'r a bomb to throw at Frank Vanderlip, got his hand caught in a War Savin's book an' was helpless. If a man refused to buy a book iv stamps, he was arristed as a spy. Consiquintly, th' best customers iv our flyin' squadhrons was th' secret agents iv th' Kaiser.

"Iv coorse, I must not f'rget th' ladies. It was a rivilation to those iv us who had on'y thought iv th' fair wans as th' plaything iv th' hour to be dandled on th' knee, to see thim dash into th' fray.

WELL equipped as we know thim to be f'r getin' money fr'm th' male, we little dhreamed iv th' energy they wud throw into a similar task whin their counthry was in danger. If we had, there'd been no war. They chased the fleet wurrukin' man over roofs an' through alleys an' whin they left him breathless an' exhausted he owned a four-an'-a-half per cint, but was without carfare home. There was no duckin' these Barbara Frietches. They pounced on ye in sthreet cars; they stuck ye up as ye ambled home at night; whin ye were rockin' with laughter at th' theater, th' joy froze on ye'er face as a lady was let down on a thrapeze who pinted a finger at ye like a baynit an' cried, 'I have desarted me home; I've left th' baby on th' panthry shelf; th' sausage burnin' on th' stove, th' wather running in th' kitchen fassit, to sarve me counthry. What have ye done, ye pussylanymous Mick?' If ye didn't buy a bond, ye were a thraitor, an' if ye did buy wan, ye felt like a sucker. Be Hivens, I've seen th' most hardened gunman in Halsted Sthreet quail befure a female bond throoper not more thin five feet high, and disgorge his little all that he'd just took off a burglar.

"Again th' Home Definders iv th' R-red Cross performed what Hogan calls projinies iv valor. Their unyforms were tasty, their marchin' excillint, their bands gloryous, an' their dinners frequent. Th' orathry at these bankits to which th' brave boys an' girls wint unflinchingly ivry day, was fine, an' no hero was previnted fr'm subscribin' be bein' told that he cud deduct a lot iv it fr'm his income tax.

"I can on'y refer to th' hosts iv singers, pianny players, movie projoocers, an' button mannyfachterers who threw thimsilves into th' breeches. Also gr-reat wurruk was done be th' song writers, who often fainted over their typewriters, composin' ditties that fired th' tired cabaret pathrons to a lust f'r battle with th' taxidhriver. An' much credit must be give to th' authors who wrote war novels, to th' embattled editors who directed th' campaign, an' to our iver faithful Congrissmen who brought a r'alization iv what war is into ivry home, where it has stuck to this day. Thin there were th' profissyonal ballplayer an' fighters who labored to intertain th' rivetters iv battleships on their Wensdays to Mondays.

"A vigilant officer wud creep up behind a suspict an' give him a kick in th' ankle."

"I WAS at th' recrootin' office whin wan iv these brave boys appeared. 'Ye can't dhraft me.' said th' impulsive youth. 'I'm an issintyal industhree. I'm a mannyfactherer iv chewin' gum,' says Hotspur. 'F'rgive us f'r callin' ye,' says th' boord. 'We thought ye might be makin' T. N. T. Return to ye'er mill an' let hammer an' anvil ring while ye forge th' chicle that will win th' war.'

"I wud like to speak iv th' dashin' dollar-a-year men who swarmed to Wash'n'ton whin th' shadow lay over our land. They suffered gr-reatly. It was no uncommon thing to see wan iv thim with his thumb in a bandage, where he'd been mangled be th' premachoor closin' iv a desk. But they niver spoke iv their wounds excipt as thriflin'. Whin th' war ended, they pined to slip away home to their neglicted fam'lies, but manny iv thim had to stay on at th' scene iv battle to plead to indictmints.

"But while I take off me hat to all these winners iv th' war an' wud gladly sthrew flowers on their graves, I'll tell ye that th' Army Intilligince was th' snappiest iv all those that dulcied an' decorumed, as Hogan wud say. At that time, th' counthray was overrun with German spies or, to put it more briefly, with Germans. Manny iv thim had been sint over be their brutal masther an' were pretindin' to be makin' beer or dill pickles or playin' th' slide thrombone. But these here occypations on'y sarved as a cloak f'r their neefaryous designs.

"IF they had their way, ivry wan iv us wud now be slaves like thimsilves, attindin' schootzenfests, dhrinkin' half liters iv Pilsner an' warblin': 'Ich vice nix vas Alice bedoiten.' Instead iv which we're free to do none iv these things an' nayther are they.

"But we nipped thim in th' Budweiser, as ye might say in joke. They were hard to catch. We had wan way iv onmaskin' thim. A vigilant officer wud creep up behind a suspict an' give him a kick in th' ankle. If he turned quickly an' said: 'Gott in Himmel, vas is los?' we put the come-alongs on him an' th' nex' mornin' as th' cold gray light crept through th' bars iv th' county jail, th' rifles spoke an' Owgoost Gesoondheit was no more. Sewed in th' linin' iv his coat was found a topographical map iv th' squrl house in Lincoln Park an' a receipt f'r makin' stove polish that whin rubbed wud blow up the kitchen range. If a German didn't come home at night his wife was not worried. She knew he'd been shot as a spy.

"In those days niver a propeller wint out iv Muskegon laden

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

John Bagley got his *idea* from the *sun*

FLOWERS, wheat, corn . . . yes, and tobacco . . . get their sweetness from the sun. Virginia's famous blender, John Bagley, discovered that Virginia tobacco sun-cured to a certain stage yielded an aroma and fragrance superior to any in the world. From this sun-sweetened leaf he created a marvelous and delightful blend . . . BUCKINGHAM.

Like to try John Bagley's famous blend BUCKINGHAM? The most fragrant pipe tobacco known? One . . . *totally different!* Step into your dealer's and ask him for a can of BUCKINGHAM . . . sun-cured, blended and aged precisely as John Bagley did it in the Southern days of long ago.

Smoke a Pipeful Today . . . in your wife's presence!

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
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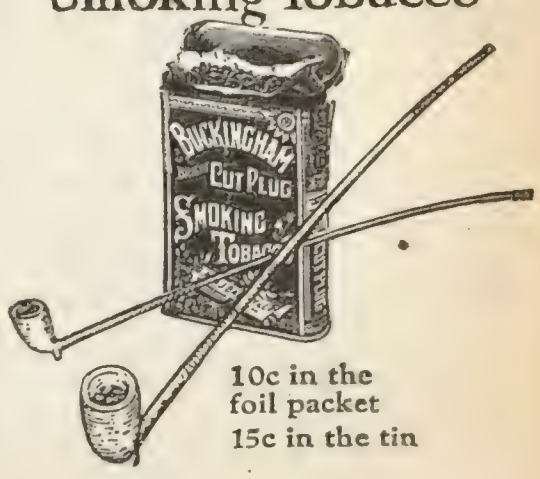
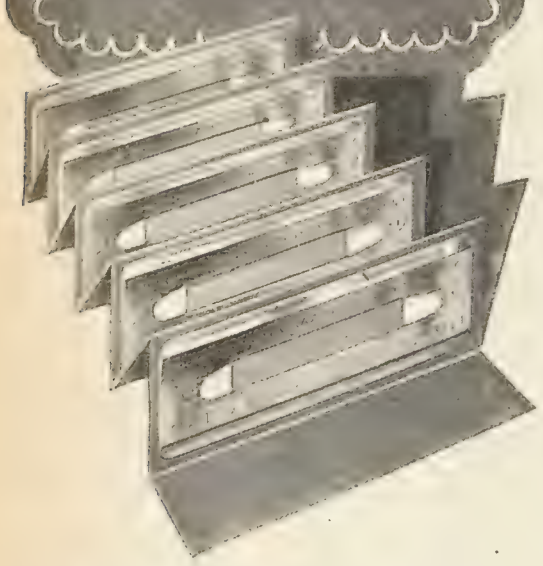
Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

The Blades Men Swear By- Not At



OTHER blades are sharp. Other blades can be made to last a long time. But men who have tried 'em all, swear that none are so *exquisitely* keen as these long Durham-Duplex Blades. Or hold their keenness for *so many* shaves!

Two packages*, now, in the new Durham-Duplex Sets.

*Durham-Duplex Blades are scientifically wrapped in hermetically sealed packages. Each blade is protected against contact with waxed paper wrapper by patented tabs.

NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS

Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham Duplex Blades—$1.50

Interchangeable Blades—50¢ for package of 5

JOIN THE DIOGENES CLUB

Formed by Diogenes for men who want Honest Shaves. At your dealers or send a quarter and get your credentials—a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor and one blade.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J. L2
I enclose 25c for razor and blade.
Signed.....
Address.....
I prefer Long Handled type..."Safety" Type..

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear By-not At

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J. Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng. Paris, France; Toronto, Can.
Sales Representatives in All Countries

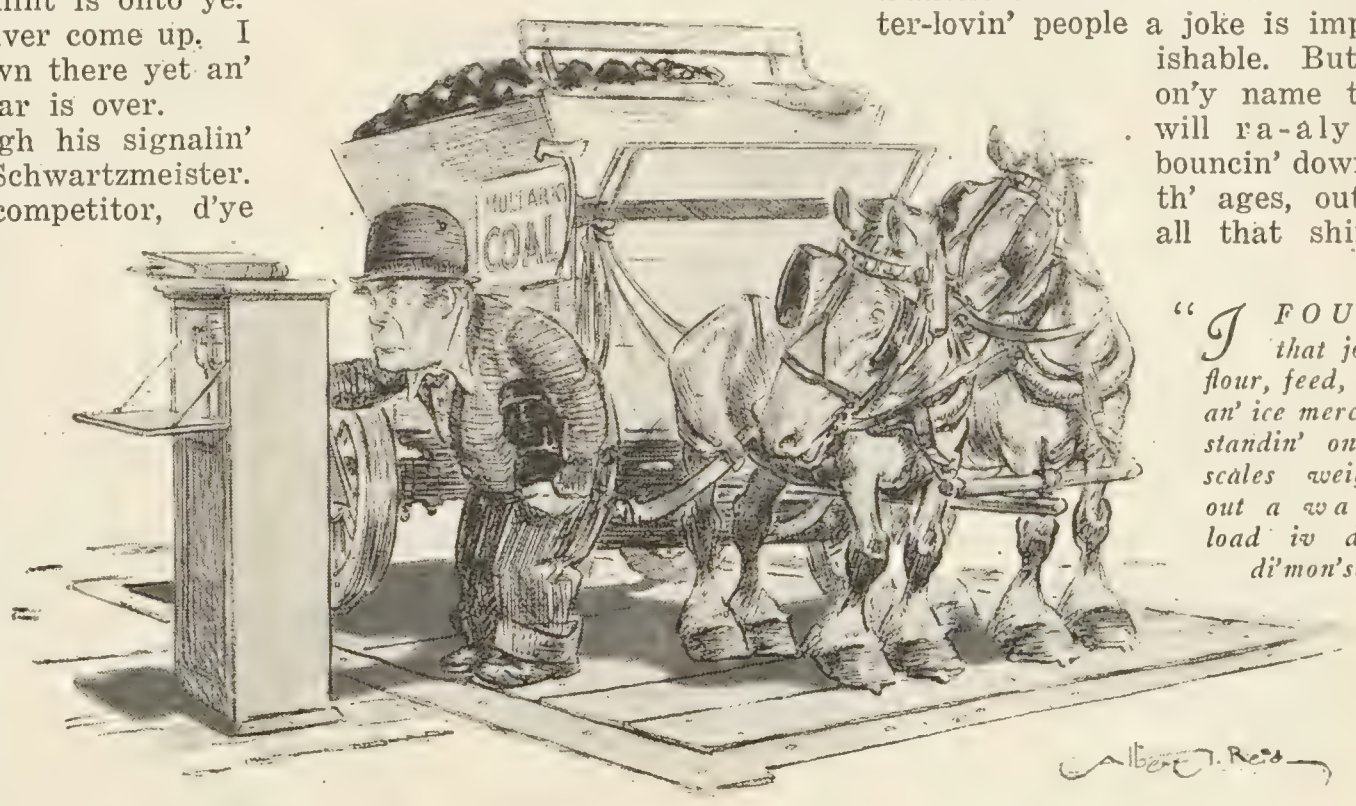
[MR. DOOLEY'S WAR RECOLLECTIONS] Continued from Page Forty-seven

with lathes, if its bunkers weren't full iv high explosives that had been shoveled in thim be German spies. If we sthripped th' flure iv a bowlin' alley. there was th' emplacemint f'r a Big Bertha that wud shoot as far as Benton Harbor, an' th' gun itsilf comin' be th' nex' parcel post. Wan iv th' hardest things we had to onravel was th' thousan's iv spies that were engaged in signalin' enormous fleets iv submarines op'ratin' in Lake Mitchigan an' th' South Branch as far as th' glue facthry. What they signaled we niver cud find out. Prob'bly it was 'Upcomin' verboten. Th' Intilligince Departmint is onto ye.' Annyhow, they niver come up. I expict they're down there yet an' don't know th' war is over.

"It was through his signalin' that I unmasked Schwartzmeister. As a business competitor, d'ye mind, I had long suspicted him, but wan night as I was lurkin' past his house I see a light appear at a window an' thin go out. Soon another light spluttered an' wint out. Thin a third. Schwartzmeister was signalin'. I summoned assistance an' we stormed th' spy's bedroom. 'Ludwig Wolfgang Schwartzmeister, we have caught ye red-handed,' says I, placin' me revolver agin his nearest ear. 'What have I done?' says he, swallowin' what was prob'bly his insthructions fr'm Von Tirpitz but may've been his Adam's apple. 'What ar-re ye jugglin' those lights f'r?' demanded our colonel. 'I was me pipe lightin',' he says. 'It's these verdamft matches. They're no good since th' war,' he says in thremblin' accints. 'A-ha,' says th' colonel. 'Ye heerd him insult wan iv our gr-reat industhrees. To th' Basteel with him.'

"AN' to th' Basteel or Deering Sthreet Station he was taken all in his flannel nightshirt an' nightcap, with his porcelain pipe in his quakin' hands. We heerd nex' day he was shot at daybreak. It's th' proper time to shoot a spy. If he isn't shot just as th' pink rays iv th' mornin' sun glow in th' easthern sky, he's all hunk f'r th' rest iv th' day. So nex' mornin' me onhappy ol' fri'nd was blindfolded an' backed agin a wall an' filled full iv nickel an' lead. His last wurruds were, 'Sind me pipe back to Swabia.' I've frequently heerd since that he wasn't shot at all but that Loot Casey let him out afther we wint away. An' maybe it's so, f'r I see him around all th' time, lookin' none th' worse f'r his groosome expeeryence. Annyhow, he's been properly punished f'r his perfidy an' has to make his own beer in th' cellar. He says he liked this counthry betther durin' th' war. It was like a little corner iv Germany, with so manny fellows in unyform to tell ye what to do an' slap ye if ye didn't do it.

"BUT I can't tell ye all that us grizzled vethrans wint through. Oh, th' long avnin's at th' theayter watchin' th' spies in th' chorus, th' bitther afthernoons at th' racethrack where imissarries iv th' Kaiser pulled me horse's head back so far he cud look into



his eyes or at th' baseball game where Hans Wagner knocked home runs off our American pitchers. They were all in th' day's wurruk. 'Twas not f'r us to raison why whin we were detailed to a German picnic an' insthructed to dhrink gallons, yes an' bar'ls, iv Pilsner an' Liebfraumilch. Me lips ar-re parched at th' very thought. But, be Hivens, there isn't wan iv us vethrans who wudd'nt hitch on his soord an' do it over again if his counthry called.

"An' what has our counthry done f'r us? Th' Fr-rinch Republic ain't ongrateful. Look at th' thousan's an' thousan's iv yards iv red ribbon that were disthributed among th' fri'nds iv freedom who had helped get our alleys a little loose change. It seems to me that ivrybody who waits on ye at th' bank whin ye ar-re puttin' money in or keeps ye waitin' whin ye ar-re takin' it out, is a mimber iv th' legend iv honor. It's a larger organization thin th' Elks. Me heart beats quicker whin I see wan iv thim little ribands on a manly bosom an' think that ivry wan iv them means that some inthrepid son iv Fr-rance had to volunteer to kiss an American banker.

"But what has this counthry done f'r us? Ye don't see anny medals on me, do ye? We don't aven remimber th' names iv our noblest leaders durin' that thrajic time. Who were th' sicreties iv state who sint mash notes to th' other powers? Whose proud heart broke in th' office iv postmasther gin'ral? Who disthributed seeds among th' farmers an' insthructed thim in Greek how to slay th' boll weevil while th' cannon boomed? Who acted as sicrety iv war an' told visitors whin they called that th' war was in conference? Baker, ye say? What Baker? I'll bet ye a hat ye don't remimber his first name. Put him down as Blank Baker, Sicrety iv th' Wurruld's War.

"Ye can remimber Josephus Daniels because with our laughter-lovin' people a joke is imperishable. But th' on'y name that will ra-aly go bouncin' down to th' ages, out iv all that shinin'

"I FOUND that jovial flour, feed, coal, an' ice merchant standin' on his scales weighin' out a wagon load iv dusky di'mon's."

galaxy, is th' name iv Willum G. McAdoo. Mack attinded to that himsilf. He see to it that his name was printed in bold letters on ivry towel in ivry sleepin' car, on all stationery, on ye'er railroad ticket, an' on th' soap. Whin ye wint into th' dinin' car an' read through th' list iv dainties, fr'm Mulligatawny to Swiss cheese, ye found a note at th' bottom, 'Anny inattintion on th' part iv th' asparagus shud be repoorted to Willum G. McAdoo.'

"SO, Hinnissy, those awful hours ar-re assocyated with that splindid name. He didn't take no chances with careless historyans, but with his own hands carved or painted his name on all fences, deadwalls, outhouses, billboards, an' mountain scenery, so it become as much iv a household wurrud throughout America as 'Oh, hell.'"

"D'ye think we'll iver have another war?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Not ontil this wan is over," said Mr. Dooley. "It'll take us th' rest iv our lives to get it out iv our system."

Everybody, including walking delegates and paunchy capitalists, will get a laugh out of Mr. Dooley on "Capital and Labor" in the next issue of Liberty.

Just Partners because— They Were Always JUST

By

Judge John DeB. Limley

FEW men can agree on real-estate values.

THERE is a partnership in Chicago in big business which has existed for more than half a century without a quarrel and without a serious clash of authority.

During that time, it is estimated (estimates being based upon dissolution of partnership statistics and bankruptcy records), more than twelve million partnerships were formed and dissolved in the United States.

From those statistics it could be argued that 11,999,999 out of 12,000,000 partners quarrel and break up, which is misleading and inaccurate. But from the study of the figures of partnership dissolution it is certain that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred firms dissolve partnership; also, more than one in ten which fail do so because of the inability of partners to agree, and, according to business experts, jealousy of each other and the interference of wives or relatives are the chief causes of disagreements.

The sales manager of one big New York wholesale house, which sells to more than twenty thousand different firms, and which, for its own protection, must keep in touch with those firms and keep records of conditions, declares that jealousy is the cause of the majority of partnership failures. He claims it is practically certain that when two young men start in partnership one will progress faster than the other, and that, sooner or later, one will accumulate more money, gain more prestige, and that one of two things is certain to follow:

Either the strong member of the firm will think he is the whole thing and demand extra compensation; or

The weak member will become jealous of the other and cause trouble.

In practically every case this man has investigated, he says, the wife of the weaker member, or the improvident one, was the real source of the trouble.

Under the circumstances the case of the Chicago firm which has existed for more than fifty years without trouble is in point as showing how partners can continue amicable and mutually profitable relations without quarreling.

This firm is Baird and Warner, engaged in real estate, a business which affords more opportunities for quarreling than almost any other business, for the reason that every individual deal is based upon judgment and hardly any two men will agree on real-estate values.

The firm really started in 1848, when L. D. Olmstead reached Chicago and believed he saw a great future for the then small city. He established a real-estate business in 1885, and three years later Lyman Baird became a partner. In 1862 Mr. Bradley entered the firm and remained until 1893, when his death caused a change. Lyman Baird's son, Wyllys W. Baird, and George L. Warner were promoted to partnerships, and the old firm continued under the name of Baird and Warner.

George L. Warner (left) and Wyllys W. Baird, partners in a firm that has been running for more than fifty years.

Since 1858 there has been no change except through deaths—nor has there been any serious disagreement or quarrel.

Wyllys Baird when asked how quarrels and disputes have been avoided, said:

"The important thing in partnerships is a recognition of three factors: Confidence, a common aim, and delegation of authority. Of these the greatest is confidence.

"In our firm we always have had confidence in each other. We have always delegated authority. In his particular job the man appointed to that task reigned supreme. He might have charge of sales or of renting, but in either case his word was final.

"We have always had a common aim. That aim was the growth of the firm. We traveled different ways in the different departments, but the direction was the same: toward a successful partnership.

"Of course, there will be disagreements, just as there were and are disagreements as to policy in our business; but we always could sit down in a friendly spirit and argue them out to a finish. These disagreements usually were on some matter of policy and a settlement always can be reached amicably."

Outside the story books, how few partnerships have succeeded and endured—Damon and Pythias? Of course; but no one knows how long they would have been friends had they gone into the hardware business as partners. Whether Haig and Haig quarreled or not I don't know, but they certainly started a lot of quarrels. It seems to me that outside of Baird and Warner, pork and beans, corned beef and cabbage, there have been few enduring partnerships.

Ringling Brothers, the circus men, offer another instance of successful partnerships. Business experts say it is harder for brothers to get along as business partners than for strangers. But the Ringlings did it. They succeeded because they delegated authority. Al was the great showman, John the transportation expert, and so on. Each handled his own department, and his decision was final. If a question of policy arose, the word of the expert was taken for it, and, if he blundered, the matter was dropped.

History, however, is filled with wreckages of partnerships. Weber and Fields, one of the most famous teams on the stage, quarreled when at the height of their popularity, and before they made up conditions had changed so much that their act was out of date. They lost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery, however, were partners from their boyhood, and the partnership was ended only by Montgomery's death.

George M. Cohan and Sam Harris were the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Feminex

Banishes Pain Safely and Promptly

In only ten to fifteen minutes Feminex banishes habitual pain and saves a day formerly considered lost. Women and girls at home, at business everywhere — tell one another of Feminex. They, also, vouch for its effectiveness, for its speedy relief, for its safety. The cost is only 50c for a small bottle that is as easy to carry as a compact; yet contains enough tablets for three months' service. Keep a supply always on hand.

Effective for other pains

Feminex is equally effective in relieving other pains which frequently discomfit girls and women. Such as backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Of course, Feminex is safe and free from detrimental effect on the stomach or heart. Nor does it interfere with any of the normal functioning of the system. It is easy to ask for Feminex by name, at your favorite drug store.

Send 10c for One Month's Trial Supply

We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper for 10c. Simply tear out this advertisement and write your name and address plainly on the margin. Mail with dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

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[JUST PARTNERS Continued from Page Forty-nine]

firm of Cohan and Harris, and they split after years of successes, each to make an individual success. Their split came over a question of policy and made them great rivals instead of a great combination.

Van and Schenck compose another "team" which has remained unbroken. They have been "pards" all their lives. One was motorman when the other was conductor on a Brooklyn trolley line. One was catcher, the other first baseman on a baseball team. They started their musical work together and won fame together. They are of the "until death do us part" sort of partners, who can scrap like married folks on occasion.

"The relation of partner," says Col. E. A. Arison, well-known business expert and efficiency man, "is perhaps more difficult even than marriage. One partner develops, the other, perhaps, lags behind. One is extravagant, the other saving. At the end of a few years the saving one has a home, has comforts, and income far in excess of his partner. The partner himself may know the reason, but the partner's wife cannot understand how one can have luxurious surroundings and the other be in debt. The result is discontent, suspicion, and ultimately a broken partnership.

"Nothing but confidence, perfect understanding, and a division of authority can perpetuate a partnership."

THE END

Lovely teeth must be guarded by firm gums

Why this powder keeps gums firm

PYORRHEA easily gains a foothold if your gums are soft. Firm gums are the surest protection against its attack. Tooth pastes contain glycerine which has a softening effect upon the gums exactly as it has upon the skin. If *your* gums feel even slightly soft or spongy, begin using Pyorrhocide Powder and note how much firmer they become after a few weeks. Because it is put up in powder form, Pyorrhocide is absolutely free from glycerine.

Pyorrhocide Powder is the *only* dentifrice that has met all the requirements in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea prevention and the maintenance of gum health. It has proven its value for 18 years in correcting soft, tender, bleeding gums. It keeps the teeth glistening white. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists.

Write for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea. The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., inc., Dept. L2, 1480 Broadway, New York City (Sole Distributors).

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PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Reflection on the Lady

One day I had chicken for lunch, and, as I possessed a pet cat, I put the bones on an inclosed porch. She came along, gave them the once-over, and found them not to her liking. Now, I had a little neighbor, a boy five years old, who often came to ask for a bite to eat.

While I was fixing his lunch I saw him looking closely at the bones. Then he turned to me and asked:

"Missus Lucy, what died on your back porch?"—L. O., Newcastle, Ky.

* * *

He Expected to Buy It

Billy had just started in kindergarten, and he was asked to bring some money to school for the ship Constitution (Old Ironsides). The Elks were having a "drive" for it. When he returned home that evening, we asked him if he gave the money to his teacher, and he said, "Yes; but I haven't got the ship yet."—A. Y. A., Meriden, Conn.

"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AND LOOKS with SILPH

Latest and most amazing discovery—a chewing gum which eliminates stomach troubles—bloating—puffing and all worn out, tired feeling.

"It is the greatest health tonic I know of," says medical authority—"everybody should chew at least two pieces of SILPH a day."

A New York specialist and health authority recommends Silph Chewing Gum in cases of bloating of the stomach—puffing—tired, worn out, all-in feeling and he adds that it is simply wonderful to keep down your weight. Silph does not contain dangerous drugs or chemicals; it is made up from the extract of sea plants and herbs which, when mixed with the saliva, act as a tonic on the membranes of the stomach and intestines—and fills one with "PEP" and energy. Silph should especially be used by people who are stout, as it possesses remarkable properties to keep down weight and rid them of that worn out, tired feeling.

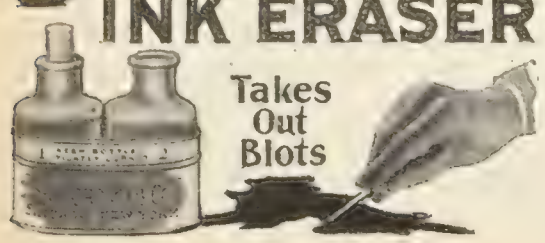
All you need to do is to go to a good drug or department store, buy a package of Silph, which sells for 50 cents, and chew two or three pieces a day. It is just as easy and harmless as eating candies, and watch how different you will feel.

WARNING—Silph should not be used by people who do not wish to lose weight, as it has been found in most instances that while it acts as a tonic it will also take off excess weight.

In case your druggist is out of Silph you can get it from the Silph Medical Co., 9 W. 60th St., Dept. 85, N. Y. City. Silph sells for 50c a box or two full weeks' supply, $1.00.

Beware of cheap imitations!

SANFORD'S INK ERASER



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"He Listened His Way Up"

In Next Week's

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The Heartbreak of a Queen

The Life Story of Alexandra of England

P. & A. Photo.

THE Prince of Wales and the Earl and Lady Warwick at Easton Lodge.

P. & A. Photo.

Queen Alexandra's favorite photograph of herself.

From Intimate Sources

TO appraise truly the somber tenor of Alexandra's later life let your memory hark back to those early days when she was indeed the Fairy Princess of Gule Castle. There in that shabby Danish palace she was living in comparative poverty when Destiny raised her father from obscurity to the throne of Denmark.

Then the radiant girl became suitable in rank—as she had ever been in character and beauty—to be sought as consort for Edward, Prince of Wales.

Alexandra was deeply impressed by the charming and debonair young Prince who came to court her—and which of us can blame her if she wove gossamer threads of romance and dreamed of endless days of happiness?

These girlish illusions were soon to be dissipated and from the first this glorious bride played but a minor part in the dreary routine of the English court. Hoping for freedom and gayety, she found unreasonable suppression. But she might have cheerfully endured the patronage and even the jealousy of her mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, had Edward proved more devoted.

Her husband—bored by the stodgy dullness of the royal household—turned to lighter diversions. Gossip of his philanderings reached the bride and deeply wounded her, yet she may well have been prepared for such scandals; for you will recall that even before the marriage there had been whispers of the dalliance of the Prince of Wales during his visit to America in 1860 and of his ardent and, perhaps, misinterpreted attentions to at least one lady.

PART FOUR

ROYALTY is debarred from publicly expressing its political views. Its jealously guarded constitutional position assumes it to be above all parties. In Alexandra's youth, furthermore, politics was accounted outside "women's sphere." So the subject failed to engage her.

On the other hand, Edward's interest was exceptionally keen. Many of the events of the last few years he foresaw during the eighties. His son, the present king, George V, he believed, would be the last King of England. "My grandson," he used to tell his intimates, to whom, of course, his remarks were confidential, "will never come to the throne."

It would seem, in the latter guess, he is destined to be mistaken. But who knows? The importance of the Crown in linking the Empire together is a comparatively recent thing. It was only when Edward visited India in 1874 that Victoria took the title of Empress.

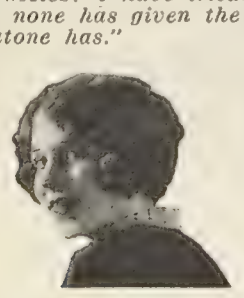
Another prediction of Edward was that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tint Those Gray Hairs to Their Original Shade

and look 5 to 10 years younger

The advantage of Brownatone is that your closest friends—your own family—cannot detect its use. Other preparations may give your hair some strikingly different and unbecoming color, but Brownatone reproduces its exact original, youthful shade, making you look from five to ten years younger. Mrs. E. Neighbors of Sonora, Kentucky, is one of hundreds of thousands of Brownatone users. She writes: *I have tried other preparations but none has given the satisfaction that Brownatone has."*



Everybody knows the woman who spends much money and time in caring for her complexion and who still looks old, not because she is old or feels old but because her hair is faded, streaked and gray. They do not realize that beauty is youth while gray, dingy hair is the badge of age. *"Brownatone,"* says Hattie B. Tucker of Greensboro, Ala., *"is easily the best preparation I have ever used for gray hair. It cannot help giving perfect satisfaction."*

Brownatone does not merely coat or cover each strand of hair. It does not rub off or wash out, because it is absorbed; each strand is saturated. And, although used by hundreds of thousands of women for many years past, no report has ever come to us of the slightest injury to the most delicate hair. Marcelling, shampooing, waving and scalp treatments have no effect upon it. You merely brush the color through and do not need to apply it again until new hair grows out. No wonder Mrs. Ida Gilbert, 1653 Addison St., Chicago, says: *"I am a constant booster for Brownatone."*

From one or the other of Brownatone's two colors any exact shade can be obtained. Ask either for Blonde to Medium Brown, or for Dark Brown to Black. To be had at drug and toilet goods counters everywhere in two sizes, 50c and $1.50. *"Please write to my druggist. I have recommended Brownatone to him as the finest hair tint that anyone can use. I know he can sell a great deal of it."*—Mrs. Walter Reed, Brighton, Mich.

Clip the coupon below and mail with 10c for a test bottle of Brownatone.

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Dept. K-I, Covington, Ky., U.S.A.
(Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.)
Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of Brownatone.
( ) Blonde to Medium Brown.
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GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

England would oppose Germany in a great European war. Germany would win, he thought, and Great Britain would be under her domination for about three years. General unpreparedness was the basis of this judgment. How nearly the prediction came true it is not pleasant to think.

The Prince's position enabled him to get much secret information and of this opportunity he certainly took advantage. He had a marvelous faculty for picking the brains of other men—of swallowing their knowledge whole.

SO long as this side of life was merely out of reach, the Princess was content to let it pass by. But when the Prince's interest in politics and social affairs became involved with his friendship for the very beautiful and very remarkable Countess of Warwick, a member of the inner set at Marlborough House, the matter took on a different complexion.

The Countess was more than twenty-five years younger than the Prince and Princess of Wales, and she was as vigorous in mind as she was beautiful in body.

Originally a Miss Maynard of Easton Lodge at Dunmow, Essex, a descendant of many Lord Maynards, she had married the Earl of Warwick, the heir of another great house, at nineteen. Coming from a household steeped in traditions and dyed deep with the colors of Toryism, Lady Warwick very early showed great independence of mind and character.

As a young married woman she became a member of a Board of Guardians, a committee elected to care for the sick and the poor in her parish, and she visited workhouses and schools at least as often as she attended balls and receptions.

Her friendship with the Prince of Wales undoubtedly exercised great influence upon his life. Princess Alexandra, secure in her beauty and in her position, happy as the mother of growing children destined for a great place in the world, could well afford not to be disturbed by the Prince of Wales' companionship with anyone who merely helped to pass away the hours with cards or dancing or music or pleasant conversation.

But the Prince's friendship with Lady Warwick was different. Her influence, indeed, was well known; and Mr. W. T. Stead, writing to Lady Warwick, used to refer to Edward as "your parishioner."

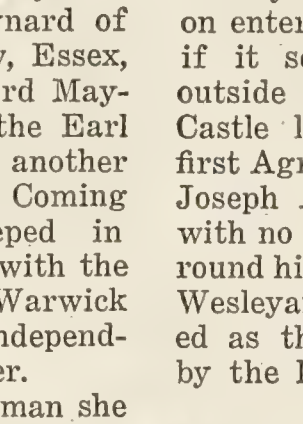
It was Lady Warwick who induced the Prince to serve as president of a Commission on the Housing of the Poor. It was also Lady Warwick who took the Prince to the workhouses at Warwick and at Dunmow in Essex, so that his signature appears frequently in the books of these institutions. The significance of this activity was great.

By becoming a member of the Commission the Prince did something more than add another charity to the long list of those he already patronized in a perfunctory way. For the Commission was aimed at ameliorating misery. It was an early example of the effort to correct fundamental social conditions which is now under way all over the world. As fellow members of the Commission, Edward met Sir Charles Dilke, first secretary of the Manchester Republican Club, whose life was one of the tragedies of politics because of the scandal which ended his career; Cardinal Manning, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, Mr. Jesse Collings, and interesting persons whose lives and ideas were very different from the racing and card-playing set of Marlborough House. Late hours were given up, gambling was curtailed, a number of rather fast people lost favor.

Lady Warwick took the Prince on entertaining expeditions—even if it scandalized society. Just outside the gates of Warwick Castle lived the founder of the first Agricultural Laborers' Union, Joseph Arch—a little squat man with no mustache and whiskers all round his face. Although he was a Wesleyan preacher he was regarded as the incarnation of all evil by the landed gentry of the day.

ONE afternoon Lady Warwick drove Edward to Mr. Arch's cottage, where they had a long talk. And the next week, when Lady Warwick went to the meet for the fox-hunting, every person present cut her dead!

On another occasion Lady Warwick arranged for Mr. W. T. Stead to lunch alone with her and the Prince at her London house. The conversation was amiable and ranged over an immense political field—despite the fact that Stead a short time previously had described the Prince in attendance at a ceremony in Westminster Abbey as "the fat little man in red who cut so poor a figure beside his magnificent brother-in-law, the Emperor Frederick."



P. & A. Photo.

THE Queen shortly after she ascended the throne.

On yet another occasion, when the Prince of Wales and Lady Warwick were staying at the same country house, Lady Warwick, on coming downstairs, heard groaning and found the Prince doubled up at the bottom. He had fallen and dislocated his knee.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

5c SMOKING

When your throat tickles, you will enjoy your next smoke more after a Bunte Cough Drop. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

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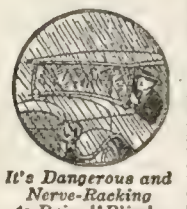

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

Lady Warwick's suggestion for the care of the injury brought the Prince into touch with Guy's Hospital and led to the founding of Prince Edward's Hospital Fund. This fund was, and remains, one of the most useful ways of helping hospitals in England.

Because racing and gambling bored Lady Warwick, they lost much of their fascination for the Prince of Wales; and because Lady Warwick was passionately interested in "the condition of the people," the Prince of Wales' interest went further in that direction than it might otherwise have done.

But a friendship of this kind begot many enemies. It was an implied criticism of the whole sophistry of the Marlborough House set. Yet Edward took no special steps to keep it private. At great functions in London he would sit with Lady Warwick talking, talking, talking—for he did not dance much except in a formal quadrille—and because the Prince was royalty all the guests might be forced to defer their leave-taking until the talk was finished.

The comment may be imagined.

THEN came the reception given by Lord Salisbury to entertain a visiting monarch at Hatfield House. It was before the days of motors, of course. The state procession in carriages from the railway station had to be carefully arranged to a schedule of time.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite had come from London and were received by a brilliant assemblage of the inner circle of English society. There were formal presentations. The affair had all the gorgeousness of a royal fete—staged in the most dignified and beautiful way.

During the festivities Edward took Lady Warwick for a walk in the beautiful Hatfield woods. He forgot the royal suite and the Princess waiting, forgot the grandees waiting, forgot the time for the return in state—forgot everything but the beauty of the woodlands and the fascination of conversation.

When a breathless equerry eventually found the Prince and his beautiful companion it was an hour past the scheduled time for the departure, and they emerged from the woods to face on the lawn the whole party of guests, since until the Prince reappeared no one might leave.

Alexandra's views on the matter hardly need to be described. The state procession back to the station had to be abandoned. All other formal arrangements for the return journey were canceled. The party got back to London as best it could.

But the friendship of Edward and Lady Warwick was not always subject to the Gorgon stare of society.

On one occasion at least they were able to walk about Paris unrecognized and unattended, and paid a visit to M. Eiffel, the builder of the Eiffel Tower. Ascending the tower itself, the Prince insisted on mounting to the flagstaff, but Lady Warwick would not go that far.

P. & A. Photo.

Easton Lodge—one of the country seats of the Earl of Warwick.

For nine years this great friendship lasted and brought the Prince into contact with many men and women active in politics, journalism, science, and other departments of endeavor whose friendship he retained to the end of his life. Mr. Broadhurst, who was in the Royal Commission with him, was one; Mr. Joseph Arch was another. The Prince liked men of character and was catholic in his tastes.

Toward the end of this period of close friendship Lady Warwick's opinions became more and more advanced. But this never made any difference to the Prince. The friendship lasted in one way or another up to Edward's death. After he had become King, however, her close influence was given up because it made Alexandra's position painful.

LET us examine the essential difference in the social viewpoints of Edward and Alexandra. The following excerpt is from the diary of Lady Paget, written in 1888:

"From Hewell we went to Ashbridge—a party for the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lady Brownlow wanted to amuse the Princess. So all of the women were perfectly proper, with a scattering of the romantic and artistic among them. No gambling was allowed, but there was plenty of acting, tableaux vivants, etc."

"Edward wanted to work and work hard," said one of his closest friends. "Being denied work, he crammed his life with distractions."

One curious result was that while the Prince became middle-aged, the Princess remained surprisingly young in face and figure.

At Vienna, in the year of their silver wedding, the Princess and her three daughters attended a dance given by the Queen of Hanover. All four looked and dressed so much alike that a number of young officers asked the Princess to dance and became very confused at their mistake.

Before she was fifty the Princess became a grandmother, her first grandchild being Lady Alexandra Duff, now Princess Arthur of Connaught. Still Alexandra gave no indication of the march of time.

The interval between 1888 and the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 was crowded with gala activities. The Prince and Princess traveled in France, Italy, Greece, Russia, Denmark, and Germany.

Both threw themselves into the life of society with as much zest as if they were twenty years younger.

Sandwiched in were race meetings at Newmarket (when the Prince usually stayed at Easton Lodge), numerous theater parties, and a host of benevolent undertakings, hospital meetings and the like.

In the year before the silver wedding the Prince began to run his own racing stable. His friend Lord Marcus Beresford took over the management in 1890 and made it pay. Six years later came the Prince's greatest racing triumph. He won the Derby with Persimmon. Always at the end of the great day the Prince gave a dinner at Marlborough House to about fifty male guests. Invitations of course were coveted.

AS I have said the outlet of work was denied him. So, except during the period of Lady Warwick's influence, he threw himself into the welter of gayety, including play at the card table.

This was obviously no one's business, but world attention was called to the customary high stakes by the so-called Baccarat Scandal. In every way it was a regrettable affair. The limelight it threw upon the Prince's private life cast several ugly shadows.

The facts were these. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson at Tranby Croft in September, 1890, there had been a house party. The Prince of Wales was there, the Earl and Countess of Coventry, the Earl of Craven, Lord Edward Somerset, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Count Henry Lutzow, Captain the Honorable A. Somerset, Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Owen Williams, the Honorable H. Tyrrwhitt Wilson (equerry to the Prince), Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Miss Naylor, Mr. Berkeley Levett, Mr. Reuben

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN Continued from Page Fifty-three]

Sassoon (the Prince's special racing companion), Mr. J. Wilson, and Colonel Sir William Gordon-Cumming.

DURING the play Sir William Gordon-Cumming was accused of cheating. Later General Owen Williams and Lord Coventry said, "They agreed to suggest to H. R. H. [i. e., the Prince of Wales] that for the sake of all concerned, and for society at large, it was most desirable that the circumstances should not be allowed to transpire outside the immediate circle of those already acquainted with the facts."

In fewer words, they wanted to "hush it up."

Notwithstanding that Sir William Gordon-Cumming denied the accusation, he finally signed a statement which read:

"In consideration of the promise made by the gentlemen whose names are subscribed to preserve silence with reference to an accusation which has been made in regard to my conduct at baccarat on the nights of Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th September, 1890, at Tranby Croft, I will, on my part, solemnly undertake never to play cards again as long as I live."

The document was countersigned Albert Edward P. (Prince), Coventry, Owen Williams, Arthur Wilson, Arthur Somerset, Edward Somerset, E. Lycett Green, A. Stanley Wilson, Berkeley Levett, and R. D. Sassoon.

There the matter might have ended. But Colonel Gordon-Cumming began suit for libel against Mr. Wilson and two others.

At the trial the Prince sat beside the judge. He also gave evidence. The Solicitor-General and Mr. C. F. Gill appeared for the Colonel, and Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Asquith (now Lord Oxford and Asquith) represented Mr. Wilson and his co-defendants.

The press gave the hearing (which lasted a week) the fullest publicity. In fact, the worst anticipations of the guests at Tranby Croft that there would be "a horrible public scandal" were realized.

Colonel Gordon-Cumming lost his case. It was the exposure, though, that mattered from royalty's point of view. The *Times* pointed out that the Prince of Wales was not a private person, and continued:

"What distresses the public is the discovery that the Prince should have been at the baccarat table; that the game was apparently played to please him; that it was played with his counters specially taken down for the purpose [these were the counters given him by the Baron de Hirsch]; that his 'set' are a gambling, baccarat-playing set."

SNAPSHOT of King Edward taken by Alexandra at Balmoral Castle.

Of all of these transactions, Alexandra was a distressed and helpless spectator. But fate had an even more severe blow in store. The Baccarat Case had been tried in June, 1891. In January, 1892, the Princess' eldest son, then twenty-eight years old and engaged to Princess Mary, the present Queen, died after a short illness supposed to be influenza.

With that blow the Princess' heart was broken. Yet at the same moment she affirmed her Christian faith in a truly striking manner. Having related to Canon Fleming the story of her son's death, she allowed him to publish it:

"Eddy was lying as if asleep. Suddenly he raised himself up from his pillow and looking round the room said, 'Who's that calling me? Who's that calling me?' I gently said, 'It is Jesus calling you,' and I hope he heard me."

And in 1898 the Princess suffered the bereavement of her mother's death. As time went on, she busied herself visiting hospitals and similar institutions in a private and unofficial way, and in bringing brightness into the lives of humble friends by unexpected acts of kindness.

IN January, 1901, Queen Victoria died. From all parts of the country came expressions of loyalty to the new King and to Alexandra.

The Coronation was fixed for June, 1902. As the day approached, London was crowded with troops from the overseas dominions and with foreign missions. The stage was set for the sort of spectacle Alexandra loved. She was no longer to stand in Victoria's reflected glory. Her own place was ready in the sun.

It was the hour for which she had paid—with both her youthful dreams and the yearnings of her maturity.

Yet at the moment of triumph fate eluded its reckoning. The cup of happiness slipped from her fingers.

In the next installment of these recollections the writer describes how the Fairy Princess of Gule Castle gathered up the fragments of her hopes, only to have them dissipated once again in the greatest debacle of her career. The next is the concluding installment of the series.

My Hair

Is due to France

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Despite my years, my hair today is more luxuriant than 40 years ago. It is thick and lustrous. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. Countless girls and women who see me daily on the stage envy its wealth and beauty.

I owe that hair to France. Her scientists, years ago, told me how to foster and protect it. They gave me a formula I have ever since employed. I would never go a day without it, knowing what I do.

Now that formula is at everybody's call. All toilet counters supply it as Edna Wallace Hopper's Hair Youth. I wish all would learn how much it means to women and to men.

I apply Hair Youth with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. Just enough to dampen the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates. Hair cannot flourish unless this is done.

My Hair Youth forms the best way I have found. It combines all factors needed. Its results are quick and apparent. I urge all girls and women to send the coupon for a sample. An eyedropper will come with it. In two days you will realize that this help means much to you. Toilet counters supply my Hair Youth at 50c and $1.

My Hands

Keep soft and young

In my constant travels I wash my hands in many kinds of water. And many times a day. Yet my hands stay soft and young.

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Spanish Shawl Gives a Romantic Touch

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

MORE conquests are accomplished, I suppose, with the heroine wearing a Spanish shawl than in any other form of costuming. The way of it is, no doubt, these wraps make even a native Spanish girl feel as if she looks a little exotic; that is to say, as if she belonged to youth and romance and even another country; and this, we know, is a very desirable way to look and feel.

It is really almost a question whether a Spanish shawl is more valuable for the lovely apparition it makes out of the wearer or for the inner feeling it inspires in her. Swathed in one, and when in the romantic places of the earth, such as California, Italy, or Florida, perhaps with a bright-colored flower between the teeth, the heroine knows she is a very desirable and lovely figure. Knowing this, she easily carries the reaction to others until they think so too.

But there is a definite technique for wearing such a foreign-born garment, and assurance can come only with the conviction that one is managing it just right. The last way in the world to do this is to fold it diagonally and throw it round the shoulders after the V-shaped manner of our grandmothers, which carried with it the idea of keeping warm. In other words, don't, of all things, wear it as if it were a shawl, or at least not a home product. And yet how many of these handsome wraps of another race I have seen worn in this Anglo-Saxon way. Treat the wrap as if it were something apart from everything that is native. Make it into a horizontal line across the bosom, as in the sketch, with the flowing, romantic line of the tenor's opera coat falling high from over the left arm.

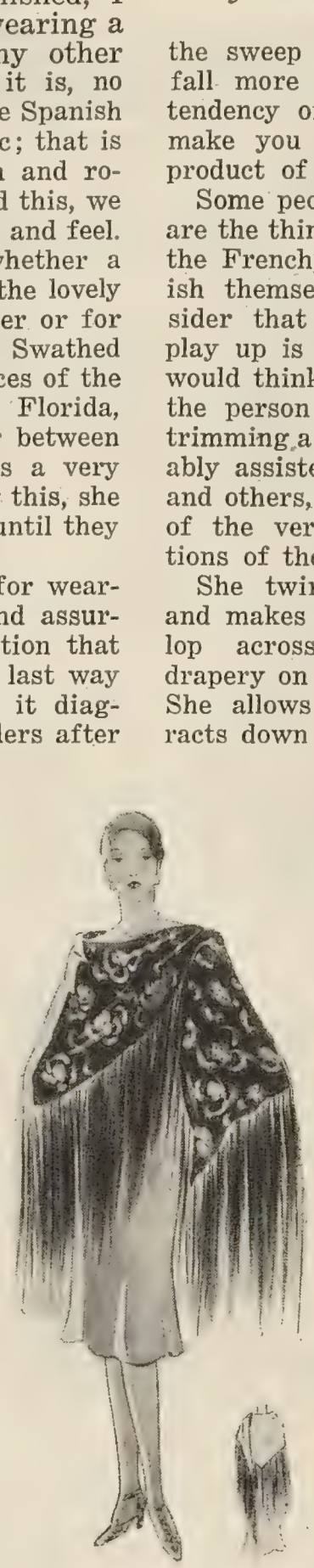
There is a Callot tradition for leaving one shoulder bare and catching the wrap over the left breast with a bright-colored geranium or chrysanthemum or cluster of roses or perhaps a carnation of brilliant hue. From this horizontal line the shawl must fall in drapery that is tight and straight. And always the idea is to let it slip down a little every few minutes as if by accident. But never let it get pulled up.

One is supposed to occupy oneself with the business of adjustment of it from the long end that falls over the shoulder on the side that is pinned in place. But never, by any inattention or other error, allow that other, underarm line to get pulled too high and be seen dropping it. One must always be fetching it up into place from too low and reclaiming it either with an expression of decorousness and innocence, or else as if one's mind were totally on the conversation and one performed the little act quite without giving it thought.

In other words, the horizontal line is the dead line above which the shawl should not mount and below which it should not fall. To permit it to drop is to commit merely a coquetry, but to allow it to ascend is to be guilty of an unattractive error in the arts both of romance and of costuming. And, by the way, try to manage to be standing always with one hand on the hip, thus spreading the sweep of the fringe and allowing it to fall more widely, helping along the whole tendency of the Spanish shawl, which is to make you look as little as possible like a product of your country.

Some people think the flowers are the things to emphasize; but the French, and even the Spanish themselves, I believe, consider that what you ought to play up is the fringe. Vionnet would think so, because she was the person to revive this as a trimming a few seasons ago. She, ably assisted by Madame Renee and others, has made fringe one of the very important decorations of the day.

She twines it and trails it and makes it into one big scallop across the apron-shaped drapery on the front of a skirt. She allows it to flow in cataracts down the sides of dresses.



BELOW, a wrap made of an unembroidered shawl in a solid color. It has deep fringe arranged in two tiers up the back. Vionnet.

THE scarf version of the Spanish shawl. Germaine.

A SPANISH shawl made into a straight-lined coat with straight sleeves. Note the small, almost tailored collar. The long fringe is in contrast with the collar. Vionnet.

A WHITE Spanish shawl of silk embroidered in white flowers and edged with deep white fringe.

In the coat made — the straight little unpretentious —which she lines and the collar help to emphasize the long fringe. She must have enjoyed designing this coat because she succeeded in expressing herself so exactly. She seldom uses shawls with highly colored flowers on them. Indeed she keeps them of the same shade as the material. This one is in pale pink; but copyists have followed it with designs in brilliant colors, even to the extent of using rose-colored flowers on a pale green ground.

The cape also shows Vionnet's idea of what ought to be done with a Spanish shawl. It too is in a solid color with a wide circular sweep over the shoulders that contrasts with the V-shaped line of the neck in front.

Two tiers of fringe, one of which is fastened under the other so that they seem to fall in one long line from neck to border, bisect the middle of the back.

The Spanish shawl, when frankly worn as such after the manner indicated in the illustration, is sometimes very effectively allowed to dip in the back until the fringe falls over the stockings, between the high skirt line and the slippers.

The scarf shown in the first illustration is scarcely more than a narrower version of the shawl, with a higher, almost boat-shaped neck. It is done with the crepe de chine of black, embroidered in flaming flowers. It is by Germaine.

It is such a simple thing, the Spanish shawl, so comparatively inexpensive, and so readily adapts itself to a variety of situations in town, country, and outdoor life, that it is no wonder that it is coming back into favor; the more wonder is that it ever went out of fashion.

But the revival only indicates that in dress, as in all else, there is nothing new under the sun.

Frocks *that are* Smart *yet* Inexpensive

By PATRICIA

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

FIVE charming styles with hemline fullness, achieved by flares or restrained by plaits. The woman with a stout figure can wear these stunning models just as well as the miss with the youthful figure.

A frock of straight-line styling with center-front buttoning is shown in design No. 2547. Through inverted side plaits the skirt acquires the necessary fullness for active sports. The sketch shows it fashioned of navy blue wool rep, with silk crepe in darker tone. It is also smart and practical made of tweed, bengaline silk, charmeen, or printed silk crepe. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 44, and 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2½ yards of 54-inch material with ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

A charming, simple style with turtle-neck, which is the smartest thing for sports wear, is design No. 2615. The inverted plaits at sides give plenty of freedom. The two-piece skirt is stitched underneath waist, forming tuck effect. The tiny tucks at either side of front at shoulders give necessary fullness to waist. Wool jersey in gay colors, woolen Scotch plaid, English tweed, flat silk, or crepe satin is appropriate. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¼ yards of 40-inch material.

The use of plaits at left side as shown in design No. 2611 gives a youthful effect to this surplice closing model. It is especially designed to slenderize. Navy blue sheen twill, black crepe satin, navy blue flat crepe, or wood-brown jersey is suggested. Cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A jaunty sports frock with long waist, boyish collar, and circular flared skirt is design No. 2666. It is a model the smart New Yorker is wearing for sports, street, and business. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A striking combination of plain and printed silk crepe is shown in design No. 2662. It has a collar with long streamer ends. The flaring sides relieve the straight line of this model. It is equally as smart made of one material, as twill, crepe satin, or flat crepe. For an informal evening frock it is stunning fashioned of printed chiffon in tones of beige and yellow, with beige silk crepe used for collar, cuffs, front band, and belt, and outlined with yellow silk crepe. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. It calls for 2¾ yards of 36-inch, with 1⅝ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for the 36-inch size.

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The second is the important type who regards himself as a little better than the boss.

"Crashing" THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

By Paul Kinkead

How Vital Business Information Is Often Buried by the Watch Dogs of the Outer Office

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

MY business is largely with business men, and compels me to call upon them in their stores, factories, and offices, on matters not directly pertaining to their daily routine. From long experience I am able to tell, before meeting the head of a concern, whether he is a good or bad organizer, whether his business machine is working smoothly or whether it is a victim of lax methods, carelessness, or office politics. The outsider feels it almost instantly, and, if he traces it to its source, it will be found at the head of the organization.

There is a great railroad system in the United States which, up to a dozen years ago, was one of the models of service, courtesy, and efficiency. Its fame seemed unassailable. From the smallest ticket agent to the top of the organization the motto was courtesy and consideration of the public.

Within two years there was a complete change. The general order, it would seem, had gone out to insult and inconvenience the traveling public as much as possible. Even brakemen, baggagemen, and others seemed to consider it their duty to insult or neglect passengers whenever possible. They appeared to think they were conferring a favor upon anyone they permitted to ride on their road.

The change of the attitude of the traveling public toward that road was remarkable. Instead of praise there was constant criticism and abuse. The quarterly reports showed a heavy falling off in passenger traffic. The losses continued steadily increasing for nearly four years and the officials blamed business conditions, the war, general disturbance of the public, and everything else.

The evident fact that its closest rival was showing increases in business in the same territory aroused the higher officials. The source of the trouble was traced directly to one high official whose attitude toward the public was directly reflected by every person under him.

That road never has regained the prestige it enjoyed before the sinister influence of that official wrecked morale.

The strangest part of the affair is that the highest officials investigated for two years without being able to discover the source of the trouble—and an outsider, who knew nothing of the railroad business but happened to be a friend of the chairman of the board, made a trip on the road, and within twenty four hours told the chairman what the trouble was. The others were too close to see it.

In my own contact with big business men, viewing them from the outside of their organization, I should say that the worst evil in business is the private secretary. The big man who, through luck or his own astuteness, selects the proper person as his secretary has a jewel beyond price. The trouble is that, no matter how bad, incompetent, or presumptuous a private secretary may be, the head of the concern usually considers him the best in the world. In my experience I have found that the worst ones are those who are rated as best by their employers, who never see the other side of the secretaries—the one presented to the public.

THERE are three distinct types of private secretary. First, the capable, courteous one who can see both sides of a question and has an understanding of both the boss and the outsider. The second is the important type who regards himself as a little better than the boss himself, considers it his duty to assume power to decide, and invariably judges business callers wrong, excluding those who should be admitted and admitting those who should be turned down.

The third type is the inquisitive, curious, and often treacherous kind, seeking information from visitors to gain secrets or to curry favor for himself. This kind is far more frequent than their employers ever suspect. They are gossips almost without exception, and invariably are resented by callers.

I have tried various systems of getting past these three types of private secretary. The first type inquires courteously the purpose of the call, learns enough of its nature to decide whether it is important enough to take up the time of the busy superior and whether the caller himself is important enough to deserve time. The second spends the time impressing visitors with his own importance, and is so blinded by his own views that he overlooks the interests of both employer and caller.

OF the second type are the "sap" secretaries for anyone who knows the ropes. I can get past one of that type, regardless of my claims on the time of the boss, merely by a little flattery and kotowing to the secretary. Anyone who pretends to be deeply impressed by the importance of the secretary can have the entree to the boss.

The third type, however, is less amusing and more dangerous. The frequency with which he is encountered in big business concerns is a startling commentary upon the judgment of men in choosing their confidants. They are ambitious to a degree. The fact is that many of them secure jobs as secretaries in order to learn inside facts about a concern with the view to using the secrets thus obtained to their own ends later.

The other variety of the same type is the one who cross-questions, inquires, insists upon knowing the nature of the business of each caller, and who insinuates later that he either was responsible for the call or that he protected the boss from some imposition.

Not long ago I had an experience with one

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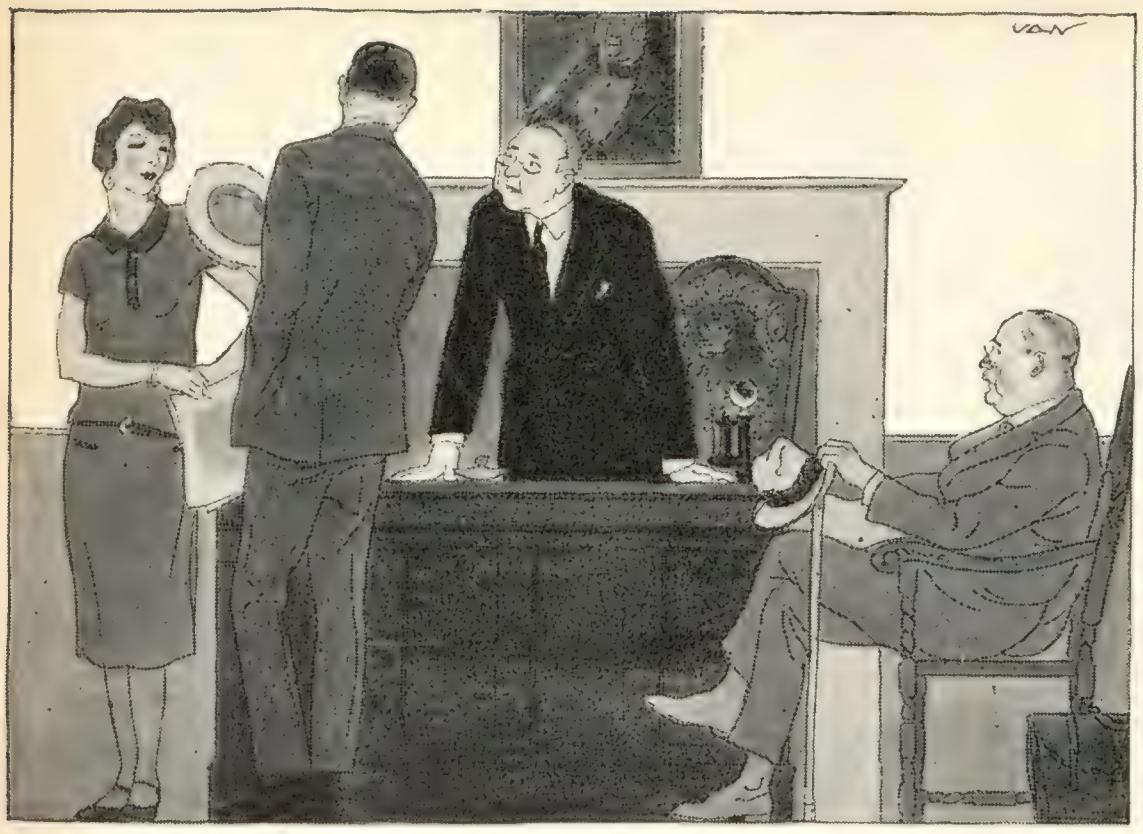


The inquisitive, curious, and treacherous kind of secretary.

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

of these self-serving secretaries which shows how they work. My business was out of the ordinary line and took me to see a man we'll call Mr. Copperfield. It meant some benefit for my concern without cost to him, though he would, in turn, gain indirectly. Mr. Copperfield, I knew, was favorably inclined toward the idea I had to present, and was willing to pay an hour of his time for the benefits that would accrue to him and his business. One of his partners urged me to see him and I called at his office.

HIS secretary demanded to know the nature of my business and I at first referred him to the partner, saying that he knew all about it. It was a technical proposition which, I felt sure, the secretary would not understand and would not be able to decide.

The partner happened to be out. The secretary insisted that I explain the business to him. I told him its nature. Then, with a cunning look, he demanded further explanation. Seeing I was against a stubborn case, I explained in detail.

He studied the matter for a few minutes and decided that I should write out the details. He did not appear to comprehend the matter clearly. I was secretly amused—and at the same time warned. I wrote out the proposition briefly, taking care to conceal the enabling clause, as it were, showing him the possibilities of the plan without giving him a clew as to how it could be operated.

He then disappeared into an inside office and, returning in ten minutes, reported that his employer did not clearly understand how it could be done, and would I write it out. I would not.

He seemed slightly perturbed, and disappeared again. He returned after ten minutes, saying the boss was busy, but to call up the next morning and he would try to make an appointment.

Later in the day I reached the partner and explained to him the situation, asking him to find out whether the head ever heard of my business or of my call. He reported that he had not and I asked him to keep quiet about the entire affair and to await further developments.

The following morning the secretary called me and said if I would explain how the plan could be worked he would see that I got an interview. I declined to do so.

The matter was dropped for an entire week. Then I arranged, through the partner, to see the head of the concern at luncheon. There I explained the plan, and after listening the head remarked: "Why, that is like the thing my secretary was trying to interest me in recently."

There is a new private secretary in his office now.

There is an odd quirk in all of us which causes us to be suspicious of anything we cannot understand. I think that one fertile cause of misunderstandings in business is that private secretaries are actively suspicious of anyone whose business they do not clearly grasp. If I walk into an office and say: "I am Jones of Jones & Jones, and want to see Mr. Blank, to sell him goods," I get a quick decision. But if I want to see Mr. Blank about business of a private nature which both of us would object to having made common property, the private secretary instantly balks. I usually say, "I'm not selling anything, and desire a few minutes of his time to discuss a matter interesting only to us two." Usually I explain briefly the nature of my business and, if unknown to the head, give my credentials.

Not long ago I wanted to see the president of one of New York's great department-store organizations on a matter in which he was much interested. It would have required perhaps fifteen minutes of his time to dispose of it satisfactorily to both and to the benefit of both.

His private secretary is a woman, curious, impertinent, filled with a sense of her own importance. She is extremely capable in office work, vigilant, and bright except in sizing up callers. I got her on the telephone and asked for an appointment, explaining who I was and the general nature of the business. She asked me to call again the following morning and said she would try to make the appointment. Then she insisted that the business be explained and, as far as possible over the telephone, I explained. She said she would take it up and to call again.

I telephoned every day for two weeks. On various pretexts she put off the matter. At the end of three weeks I abandoned the man entirely and took up the matter with another, successfully. Out of curiosity I continued to call that secretary, sometimes four times a week.

A few weeks later I met, accidentally, the man I had tried so persistently to interview. He inquired casually why I never had made good a tentative agreement to call on him and I told him of my experience. He was astonished. The secretary had never given him a hint that I desired to see him, and had carefully avoided permitting him to discover that I had tried.

Such experiences are far from uncommon.

TO look at the matter from the other standpoint. Secretaries have many and varied problems to solve. The demands made upon the time and patience of heads of great concerns are many, and the chief requisite of a successful private secretary is to be a quick and accurate judge of men.

The confusing part of the job lies in the fact that the majority of those who seek audiences with big men are experienced and skillful in getting past the outer barriers erected by business men to protect themselves from time wasters. The fact is that, if the average head of a great concern saw personally everyone who seeks an audience, he would devote the entire day to receiving callers and would have no time for anyone else. The professional caller knows this. In fifty per cent of the instances, at least, he succeeds in securing the audience, whereas inexperienced persons having important and legitimate reasons for asking an interview usually are easily rebuffed.

I know a secretary who held his position several months before his employer declared he turned down everyone he should have admitted and admitted every pest that came to the place.

There is amazing carelessness among big business men in their choice of secretaries who must, by the nature of the job, be trusted with all sorts of business information and with more or less responsible decisions. Many of them appear to think that the very fact that they are private secretaries makes them responsible.

I know one who, his employer informed me, had been given the position because "he couldn't be depended on in the plant and I brought him into the office so I could keep an eye on him."

It might pay many a big business man to examine the work of his private secretary and see whether he is as satisfactory from the outside as he seems from the inside looking out. Instead of protecting his employer from intrusion by undesirables, he may be driving away desirable business.

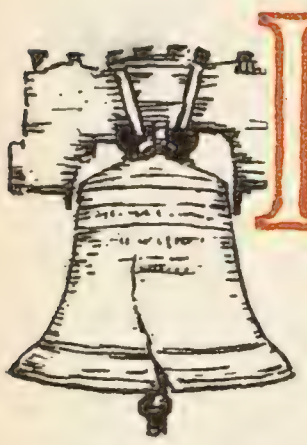
THE END

The capable, courteous one who can see both sides of a question.

THE

Diaries of WASHINGTON

III. STATESMAN, PRESIDENT *and* VIRGINIA SQUIRE



IN the first of the diaries from which the following are extracts Washington seems to be almost if not wholly occupied with his plantations, with the duties and pleasures of a man on the soil. The United States as a nation was then governed, under the articles of confederation, by Congress and when Congress was not in session by a "Committee of the State" appointed by Congress. Neither a legislative body nor a committee can govern a nation and the intelligent men of the time knew it.

After many discussions at Mount Vernon Washington proposed a convention of the States but only five responded at Annapolis, September 11, 1786. Another attempt, supported by a resolution of Congress, resulted in the appointment of delegates by all the States except Rhode Island. The convention was ready for work May 24, 1787, and the United States as a nation was saved. Washington was president of the Constitutional Convention.

That was the national background of the following extracts from the diaries:

1786. NOVEMBER. *Thursday*, 16*th*. . . . On my return home, found Mons. Campoint, sent by the Marqs. de la Fayette with the Jack and two She Asses which he had procured for me in the Island of Malta, and which had arrived at Baltimore with the Chinese Pheasants, &ca., had, with my Overseer, &ca., got there before me. . . . The Pheasants and Patridges will come round by Water.

Monday, 27*th*. Rid to the Ferry, Dogue run, and Muddy hole Plantations; also to the Mill and to the Ditchers. About the Corn at all the places. Measd. 68 Barls. at Dogue run. . . .

Received my Chinese Pheasants, etca., from Baltimore by the Packet, viz. a Cock and Hen of the Gold Pheast.; a Cock and Hen of the Silver Pheast.; a Cock and 2 Hens of the French Pheast.; and one French Patridge. The other French Patridge died in coming round from Baltimore.

1787. MARCH. *Thursday*, 8*th*. . . . My Corn house, with Robinson's Corn in it, at French's was burned down in the Night; either by carelessness or design. The latter seems most likely, but whom to suspect was not known.

* * *

A concise Acct. of my journey to Philadelphia, and the manner of spending my time there, and places where, will now follow. After wch. I shall return to the detail of Plantation occurrances as they respect my Crops and intended experiments agreeably to the Reports which have been made to me by my Nephew, Geo. Auge. Washington in my absence.

MAY. *Monday*, 14*th*. This being the day appointed for the Convention to meet, such members as were in town assembled at the State Ho. but only two States being represented, viz. Virginia and Pensylvania, agreed to attend at the same place tomorrow [at 11 Oclock].

Dined in a family way at Mr. Morris's [and drk. Tea there].

JULY. *Friday*, 27*th*. In Convention, which adjourned this day, to meet again on Monday the 6th of August, that a Comee. which had been appointed (consisting of 5 Members) might have time to arrange, and draw into method and form the several matters which had been agreed to by the Convention as a Constitution for the United States.

Dined at Mr. Morris's, and drank Tea at Mr. Powell's.

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

The famous Gibbs-Channing portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart.

SEPTEMBER. *Monday*, 17*th*. Met in Convention, when the Constitution received the unanimous assent of 11 States and Colo. Hamilton's from New York (the only delegate from thence in Convention), and was subscribed to by every Member present except Govr. Randolph and Colo. Mason from Virginia, and Mr. Gerry from Massachusetts.

The business being thus closed, the Members adjourned to the City Tavern, dined together and took a cordial leave of each other; after which I returned to my lodgings, did some business with, and received the papers from the Secretary of the Convention, and retired to meditate on the momentous w[or]k which had been executed, after not less than five, for a large part of the time Six, and sometimes 7 hours sitting every day, [except] sundays and the ten days adjournment to give a comee. opportunity and time to arrange the business, for more than four months.

[BACK AT MOUNT VERNON]

1789. JANUARY. *Thursday*, 1*st*. Went out after breakfast to lay of, or rather to measure, an old field which is intended to be added to Muddy hole Plantation. After which marked out a line for the New Road across from the Tumbling Dam to little Hunting Creek to begin the post and Rail fence on.

FEBRUARY. *Sunday*, 1*st*. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Young, and Mr. George Calvert came here to Dinner and stayed all Night.

Monday, 2*d*. Mr. Herbert and Mr. Young and their Ladies went away after breakfast.

I went up to the Election of a Representative to Congress for this district. Voted for Richd. Bland Lee, Esqr. dined at Colo. Hooes and returned home in the afternoon. . . .

After this entry, which ended a volume, the record is broken. The succeeding volume was used by early historians but it has dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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because the scientific construction of the Guide Ray reflector throws all light on the road-bed—not in approaching drivers' eyes."

"AND furthermore," the Guide Service Station man will explain to you, "this is the most effective way to get powerful, long range road illumination with glare eliminated. To cover up part of the lens with a so-called anti-glare device only deprives the driver of that much *needed* light for safe night riding."

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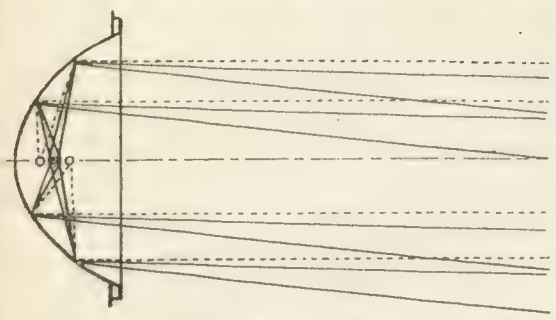

Note double focal points obtained by variation in curvature of upper and lower halves of reflector. This reflects all rays downward, there being no upward rays to cause glare.

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
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[THE DIARIES OF WASHINGTON] Continued from Page Fifty-nine

appeared. It contained whatever comment Washington made on his election as President, his trip to New York, his inauguration as President and his assumption of the new duties. When the diaries are again available Washington is President—recording in his journal one day what exercises he took and on another something about affairs of government.

1789. OCTOBER. *Thursday*, 1*st*. Exercised in my carriage in the forenoon.

Monday, 5*th*. . . . Had conversation with Colo. Hamilton on the propriety of my making a tour through the Eastern States during the recess of Congress, to acquire knowledge of the face of the Country, the growth and agriculture thereof—and the temper and disposition of the inhabitants towards the new government, who thought it a very desirable plan, and advised it accordingly.

Thursday, 15*th*. Commenced my Journey about 9 o'clock for Boston and a tour through the Eastern States.

It had been agreed by Hamilton and other advisers whose counsel the President sought that the Eastern trip could be made with propriety and with profit in understanding and good will. Throughout this tour of the Eastern States Washington is noting the quality of the soil and crops and the condition of the stock, the following entry being typical:

Monday, 19*th*. Left New-haven at 6 o'clock, and arrived at Wallingford (13 miles) by half after 8 o'clock, where we breakfasted, and took a walk through the Town. . . . At one we arrived at Middletown, on Connecticut River, being met two or three miles from it by the respectable Citizens of the place, and escorted in by them. . . .

The Country hereabouts is beautiful and the Lands good. An average Crop of wheat from an acre of fallowed land is estimated at 15 bushels; sometimes they get as high as 25 and 30 bushs. to the acre from the best lands. Indian Corn from 20 to 40 bushls. pr. acre. Their exports are the same as from other places; together with Potash. Having dined, we set out with the same Escort (who conducted us into town) about 3 o'clock for Hartford, and passing through a Parish of Middletown and Weathersfield, we arrived at Harfd. about sundown. At Weathersfield we were met by a party of the Hartford light horse, and a number of Gentlemen from the same place with Colo. Wadsworth at their head, and escorted to Bull's Tavern, where we lodged.

Saturday, 24*th*. Dressed by Seven o'clock, and set out at eight—at ten we arrived in Cambridge, according to appointment; but most of the Militia having a distance to come, were not in line till after eleven; they made however an excellent appearance, with Genl. Brooks at their Head. At this place the Lieut. Govr. Mr. Saml. Adams, with the Executive Council, met me and preceeded my entrance into town—which was in every degree flattering and honorable. . . .

The procession being over, I was conducted to my lodgings at a widow Ingersoll's, (which is a very decent and good house) by the Lieut. Govr. and Council—accompanied by the Vice-President, where they took leave of me. Having engaged yesterday to take an informal dinner with the Govr. to day, but under a full persuasion that he would have waited upon me so soon as I should have arrived—I excused myself upon his not doing it, and informing me thro' his Secretary that he was too much indisposed to do it, being resolved to receive the visit. Dined at my Lodgings, where the Vice-President favoured me with his Company.

Governor Hancock of Massachusetts had an idea that within the boundaries of a commonwealth the Chief Executive of a State was of greater dignity than the Chief Executive of the nation. Washington set him right.

Sunday, 25*th*. Attended Divine Service at the Episcopal Church, whereof Doctor Parker is the Incumbent, in the forenoon, and the Congregational Church of Mr. Thatcher in the afternoon. Dined at my lodgings with the Vice-President. Mr. Bowdoin accompanied me to both Churches. Between the two I received a visit from the Gov'r, who assured me that indisposition alone prevented his doing it yesterday, and that he was still indisposed; but as it had been suggested that he expected to *receive* the visit from the President, which he knew was improper, he was resolved at all haz'ds to pay his Compliments to-day. The Lt. Gov'r and two of the Council, to wit, Heath and Russell, were sent here last night to express the Gov'rs concern that he had not been in a condition to call upon me so soon as I came to Town. I informed them in explicit terms that I should not see the Gov'r unless it was at my own lodgings.

NOVEMBER. *Sunday, 8th.* It being contrary to law and disagreeable to the People of this State (Connecticut) to travel on the Sabbath day—and my horses, after passing through such intolerable roads, wanting rest, I stayed at Perkins' tavern (which, by the bye, is not a good one,) all day—and a meeting-house being within few rods of the door, I attended morning and evening service, and heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pond.

Washington was back at his house in New York Friday, Nov. 13.

Monday, 23d. Rid five or six miles between breakfast and dinner. Called upon Mr. Vanberckel and Mrs. Adams.

Thursday, 26th. Being the day appointed for a thanksgiving, I went to St. Paul's Chapel, though it was most inclement and stormy — but few people at Church.

The foregoing entry refers to the first national Thanksgiving by proclamation of the President.

DECEMBER. *Tuesday, 1st.* A pretty full Levee to-day—among the visitors was the Vice-President and all the Senators in town. Exercised on horse back between 10 and 12.

Read the papers relative to our affairs with the Emperor of Morocco, and sent them to Mr. Jay to prepare answers to them.

Friday, 18th. Read over and digested my thoughts upon the subject of a National Militia, from the plans of the militia of Europe, those of the Secretary at War, and the Baron de Steuben.

Monday, 21st. Framed the above thoughts on the subject of a National Militia into the form of a Letter, and sent it to the Secretary for the Department of War.

Sat from ten to one o'clock for a Mr. Savage, to draw my Portrait for the University of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, at the request of the President and Governors of the said University.

1790. JANUARY. *Friday, 1st.* The Vice-President, the Governor, the Senators, Members of the House of Representatives in town, foreign public characters, and all the respectable citizens, came between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock, to pay the compliments of the season to me—and in the afternoon a great number of gentlemen and ladies visited Mrs. Washington on the same occasion.

Monday, 4th. Informed the President of the Senate, and Speaker of the House of Representatives that I had some oral communications to make to Congress when each house had a quorum, and desired to be informed thereof—and of the time and place they would receive them.

Thursday, 7th. About one o'clock rec'd a Committee from both houses of Congress, informing me that each had made a house, and would be ready at any time I should appoint to receive the communication I had to make in the Senate Chamber. Named to-morrow 11 o'clock, for this purpose.

Friday, 8th. According to appointment, at 11 o'clock, I set out for the City Hall in my coach, preceded by Colonal Humphreys and Majr. Jackson in uniform, (on my two white horses) and followed by Messrs. Lear and Nelson, in my chariot, and Mr. Lewis, on horseback, following them. In their rear was the Chief Justice of the United States and Secretary of the Treasury and War Departments, in their respective carriages, and in the order they are named. At the outer door of the hall I was met by the door-keepers of the Senate and House, and conducted to the door of the Senate Chamber; and passing from thence to the Chair through the Senate on the right, and House of Representatives on the left, I took my seat. The gentlemen who attended me followed and took their stand behind the Senators; the whole rising as I entered. After being seated, at which time the members of both Houses also sat, I rose, (as they also did) and made my speech; delivering one copy to the President of the Senate, and another to the Speaker of the House of Representatives—after which, and being a few moments seated, I retired, bowing on each side to the assembly (who stood) as I passed, and descending to the lower hall, attended as before, I returned with them to my house.

An old print showing Washington on his farm at Mount Vernon.

JULY. *Monday, 12th.* Exercised on Horseback between 5 and 6 in the morning.

Sat for Mr. Trumbull from 9 until half after ten. And about Noon had two Bills presented to me by the joint Committee of Congress—The one "An Act for Establishing the Temporary and permanent Seat of the Government of the United States." The other "An Act further to provide for the payment of the Invalid Pensioners of the United States."

This act for a permanent seat of government decided that the capital of the United States was not to be either New York or Philadelphia. Hamilton had something to do with this. He wanted the Federal government to assume the debts of the States and establish United States credit. Virginia offered powerful and obstructive objection, but Virginia wanted the capital on the Potomac and Hamilton traded capital for credit.

The diaries of 1791 contain the notes of Washington's Southern trip, when he was particularly interested in viewing the battlefields of the campaign in which Cornwallis tried to conquer the South and in which he was driven into Yorktown, where Washington and Rochambeau coming down from the North bagged him. It is noted that as he saw where his generals had been defeated—Major-General Benjamin Lincoln with the French at Savannah, Gates at one and Greene at another battle of Camden, the second and unsuccessful defense of Charleston, Greene at Guilford Court House, etc.—his comment was of soldierlike sympathy and contained very little criticism. By June 12, 1791, Washington was back at Mount Vernon and again is interested in the Federal capital which was to bear his name.

The diary of this trip is not completed. It stops in the middle of a sentence. It is resumed in September, 1794, when the rebellion of corn and rye growers and distillers in western Pennsylvania against the excise tax raised the disturbing question whether the new democracy would submit to any government, even its own.

Washington's entry for the day he laid down the Presidency, March 4, 1797, is: "Much such a day as yesterday in all respects. Mercury at 41." John Adams, his successor, wrote to his wife: "In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's." The first President with his public cares finally remitted went from triumph to triumph as he passed through towns on his way from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon. His own record in his diaries of the end of his days in 1799 follows:

1799. NOVEMBER 1. Mr. Craik went away after Breakfast.

9. Morning and the whole day clear, warm and pleasant. Set out a little after 8 oclock, viewed my building in the Fedl. City, dined at Mr. Law's and lodged at Mr. Thos. Peter's.

DECEMBER 4. Morning clear. Wind at No. Wt. and Mer. at 36. From 10 oclock until 2 very like for Snow, it then cleared and became mild and pleasant. Mer. 38 at N:

12. Morning Cloudy. Wind at No. Et. and Mer. 33. A large circle round the Moon last Night. About 10 o'clock it began to snow, soon after to Hail, and then to a settled cold Rain. Mer. 28 at Night.

13. Morning Snowing and abt. 3 inches deep. Wind at No. Et., and Mer. at 30. contg. Snowing till 1 O'clock, and abt. 4 it became perfectly clear. Wind in the same place but not hard. Mer. 28 at Night.

Washington had ridden out in the snow and sleet of December 12 and was gone five hours. He sat down to dinner when he came in about three o'clock without changing his clothes. The following day, December 13, the last entered in his diary, it continued to snow and he kept indoors, with a sore throat. In the night he knew he was ill, but he would not allow Mrs. Washington to attend to him, fearing that she would catch cold if she got up. In the morning he insisted on being bled. He grew weaker and about ten o'clock at night, December 14, passed away.

It was not only the greatest but it was the happiest life lived in the United States, wise in affairs, brave in danger, and serene on the mother soil.

These interesting excerpts from the diary of the First President were prepared for publication by Clifford Raymond, a student of Washington's life. In an early issue Mr. Raymond will contribute another article, Washington's Slaves, which will cast revealing sidelights both upon Washington's own attitude toward slavery and the institution itself in those colonial days.

"Something better"

"LET ME SEE something better" says the customer—very frequently indeed. That something better in an automobile may cost several hundred or perhaps even several thousand dollars more; but in a cigarette it costs just three cents more

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Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 57

WE'VE never heard "afar" defined as it is in Horizontal 1 before. Well, we never knew many Hamites anyway. It's too bad the comedians haven't got wind of them. Think of your two favorite vaudeville actors in a scene like this:

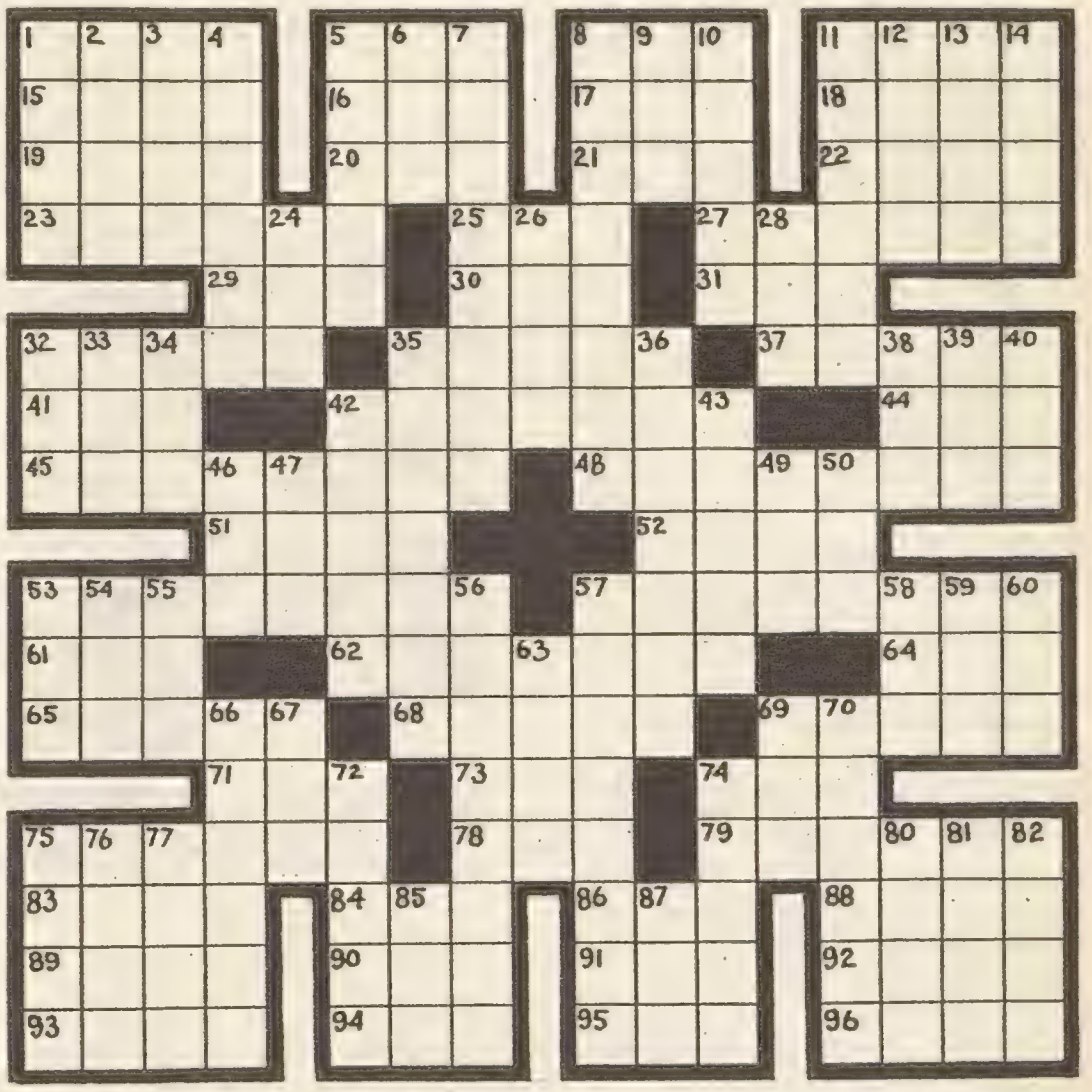
DUMB: There's a fellow I know across the street. I can't think of his name.

BELL: Afar?

DUMB: He's not afar. He's near.

BELL: Sure Afar is near. What of it?

(Dumb kills Bell and exits.)

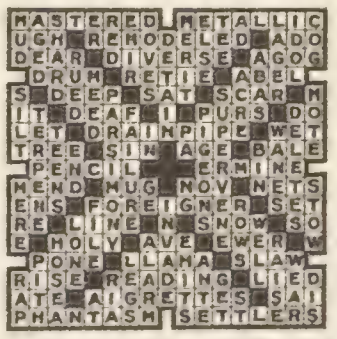


HORIZONTAL

1 A Hamite of the tribes of Abyssinia
5 Uncommon
8 A man's name
11 A sloping way
15 Allure
16 One of the smaller water streets of Venice
17 Having originated lately
18 An African plant yielding a bitter medicine
19 A horizontal timber or support of a building
20 The twenty-second letter of the Hebrew alphabet
21 A town in Belgium noted for its springs
22 Not far
23 A person having a deficiency of pigment in the skin, hair, etc.
25 A newt
27 A member of the corporate body of a State university
29 Salt (chemistry)
30 A conveyance
31 Rather than
32 A place for playing at bowls
35 A flowering water plant
37 To accost in a friendly manner
41 Billow
42 Discovers
44 Solemn wonder
45 An ecclesiastical vestment
48 Stood unsteadily
51 A kinswoman
52 A support
53 Binds, as a wound
57 A native of Spain
61 A form of "to be"
62 Appearing to have been eaten or worn away
64 A river in England and Wales
65 Pertaining to birth
68 Mother-of-pearl
69 A beautiful woman of ancient Troy
71 A lighting and heating agent
73 Common level
74 Succor
75 Ostentatious display
78 Title of a monk or friar
79 A drain for carrying off waste (plural)
83 To neglect
84 A meadow
86 Pertaining to the chief linguistic stock of Indo-China
88 An open space in a building
89 A citrous fruit
90 Craft
91 A finality or close in time
92 A circlet
93 Short poems suited to be set to music
94 Possesses
95 Expire
96 The point of time at which an event takes place

VERTICAL

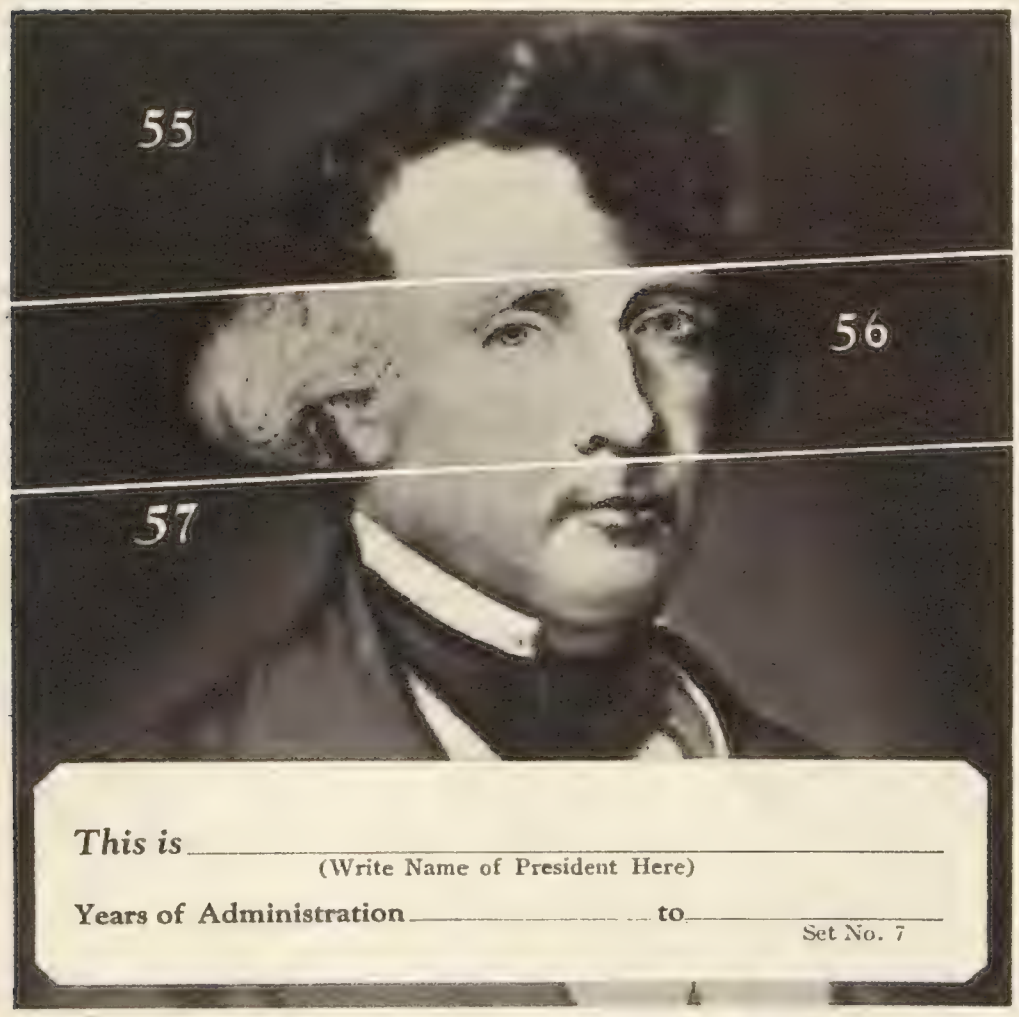
1 The white matter of the brain and spinal cord
2 Any matter used to produce heat by burning
3 A street urchin
4 A surrender or release, as of a claim
5 A crystalline substance used in photograph developing
6 A prefix denoting "through," used in words like "diameter"
7 Small box for pigeons to breed in
8 To furnish with directions
9 A ribbed fabric
10 Cognizant
11 A warden who patrols tracts of forest
12 On the side opposite the weather side of a ship
13 To bewail audibly
14 Impertinent
24 A denial
26 Destiny
28 A unit of work or a unit of energy
32 A fool
33 Gold monetary unit of Roumania
34 A god or spirit of a particular locality (Roman Relig.)
35 A reading desk used in a church
36 That which stops or closes an aperture
38 Organ of hearing
39 Sheep
40 To scatter for drying, as grass
42 A depression made by a blow
43 Wander
46 A cushion
47 Roman goddess to whom were devoted captured arms
49 A unit of weight
50 A prefix meaning upon
53 To interdict
54 A southern constellation
55 A snare
56 Refuse fat used in making soap (plural)
57 Having a notched or toothed edge
58 A pointed instrument
59 A cereal grass
60 A squalid place of resort
63 A disfigurement
66 A size of type (plural)
67 A youth
69 Hasten
70 A former king of England
72 Word of unknown meaning frequently occurring in the Psalms
74 Apart
75 An outdoor game
76 In the midst of
77 Correspondence in word sounds generally
80 A silkworm that feeds on the castor plant
81 Torn
82 A flavoring used for meats, etc.
85 A period of time
87 A black bird of the cuckoo family



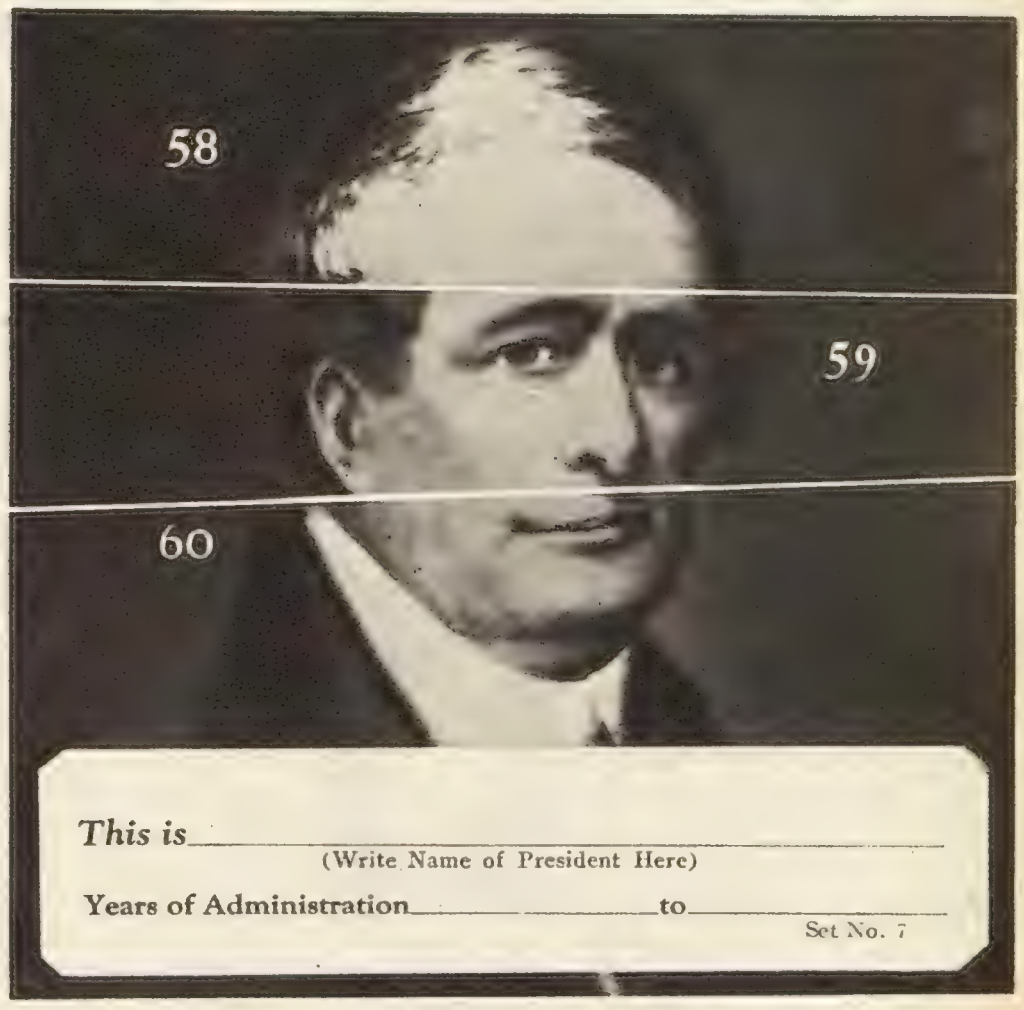
Answer to Puzzle No. 56

WHO ARE THESE PRESIDENTS?

Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead belongs to a man whose Secretary of War became a President; the eyes and nose are of a President who founded West Point Military Academy; the mouth and chin of one who signed a compromise backed by Clay and Webster.



The forehead is of a President whose Secretary of State had served in like capacity in two other Cabinets; the eyes and nose are of one in whose term a new party was formed in Wisconsin; the mouth and chin of one who inaugurated regular Cabinet meetings.

CAN you cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

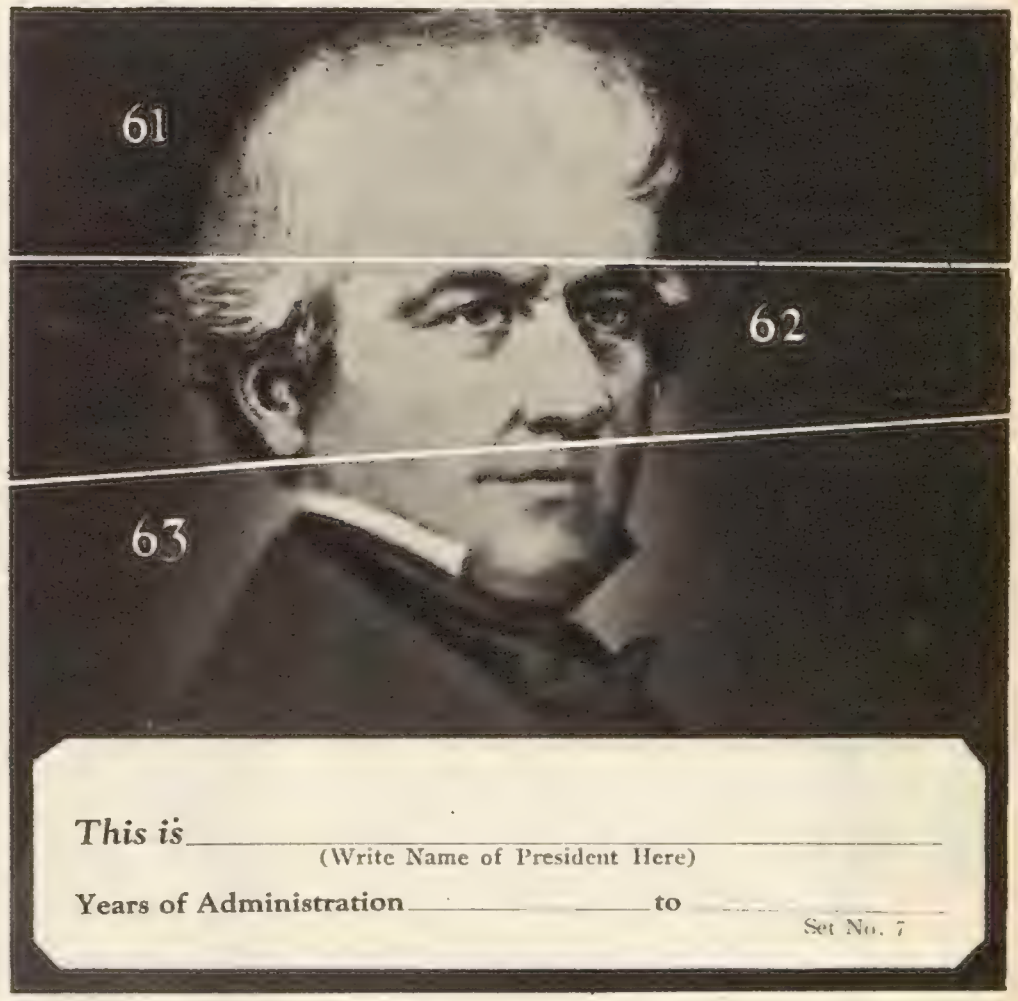
7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000



The forehead is of a President who had difficulty in finding a Secretary of the Navy; the eyes and nose are of one under whom was passed a slavery bill distasteful to the North; the mouth and chin of one who defeated a general in the Mexican and Civil Wars.

To Teachers One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult their parents and teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 7 Are Among These:

Cleveland	Fillmore	Van Buren
Coolidge	Roosevelt	Jefferson
Pierce	Hayes	Grant	Lincoln

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

Liberty

for the Next Three Weeks

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

THE SEA BEAST

Directed by Millard Webb A Warner Bros. Picture

THE CAST:

Ahab Ceeley.....*John Barrymore*
Esther Harper.....*Dolores Costello*
Derek Ceeley.....*George O'Hara*
Rev. John Harper.....*James O. Barrows*
Queequeg.....*Sam Baker*
Pip.....*Vadin Uranoff*

JOHN BARRYMORE is such a rare visitor to the silver screen, and such a splendid one, that no one can afford to miss The Sea Beast. Even if Mr. Barrymore were not playing in it, it is a picture that would be well worth your while; for it is excellently directed, full of the spirit of sea foam and salt, romance and adventure—a thoroughbred thriller.

John Barrymore

John Barrymore makes it unanimous. Magnificently he portrays the young New England whaler who loses a leg to Moby Dick, white whale terror of the sea, but who finally tracks down the albino giant and sticks in one final harpoon to still the sea beast forever.

His scenes of anguish when his leg is bitten off and the stump is made antiseptic by the blacksmith's irons will make your blood run cold. He does a terrible amount of suffering in this picture, what with one thing and another, physical and mental. But he does it so well, so genuinely and artistically, that the effect is not too heavy.

The whaling scenes have a good kick to them. Not that one sees much of the whale. But it was hardly possible for the producers to find a white whale willing to pose. And a white whale was Moby Dick, mammoth hero of this classic of the sea.

Dolores Costello is a beautiful and charming creature who was last seen in Mannequin, the moving picture made from Liberty's prize story, and who should be seen a great deal in future pictures, since she is an exquisite newcomer to the screen. She is Esther Harper, a missionary's daughter who loves and is loved by Ahab, but who is desired by Ahab's half brother to such an extent that he pushes his brother out of the longboat into the very jaws of Moby Dick.

Dolores Costello

This half brother is played by George O'Hara, who could have been a whole brother of Barrymore, so close a resemblance is there in the two profiles. If Mr. O'Hara set out with make-up to achieve a likeness to the great Barrymore he certainly succeeded. Which is no insult to Mr. Barrymore, for George O'Hara is a handsome young man.

There isn't much comedy relief to the horror and tenseness of the drama in this picture. But the suffering of Ahab is relieved by the beauty of the heroine. There is one love scene between Ahab and his sweetheart which justifies the popularity of John Barrymore as a matinee idol.

THAT ROYLE GIRL

Directed by David Wark Griffith A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Joan Daisy Royle.....*Carol Dempster*
Her Father.....*W. C. Fields*
Calvin Clarke.....*James Kirkwood*
Fred Ketlar.....*Harrison Ford*
George Baretta.....*Paul Eberton*
Adele Ketlar.....*Marie Chambers*

WHEN David Wark Griffith cuts loose and exerts his genius toward melodrama, the result is melodrama as is melodrama, and I don't mean maybe. For the nefarious activities of the villains are never child's play, the Griffith storm is never a halfway measure, and altogether events move tremendously thick and fast.

Carol Dempster

Mr. Griffith's latest picture, That Royle Girl, is no exception to the rule that he has set for himself. With a murder story as material, Mr. Griffith has melodramaed his way through this picture and the result is that one spends an hour trembling in apprehension for the fate of the heroine as she dashes from one room to another in the villain's lair, now on the verge of being murdered, now in the comparatively safe grip of a tornado.

For it is a tornado that Griffith uses this time to provide Carol Dempster with the opportunity of bending her lithe, supple body hither and yon like the pliant young trees that bend in the teeth of the gale.

And this being a story of murder and courtrooms, Mr. Griffith has not left out any of your old friends such as the scene in the death cell: the last day—innocent man—he must be proved innocent, and so forth.

Carol Dempster is Daisy Royle, product of the melting pot of Chicago; on the surface just a fast, pleasure-loving young woman intoxicated with the show-off spirit of the type of girls she pals around with; occupation, mannequin at a gown shop.

James Kirkwood

Daisy becomes involved in the murder of the wife of one of the men she knows, Fred Ketlar (Harrison Ford), jazz king. Circumstantial evidence has Fred in its grip and he is sentenced to death. But Daisy knows he is innocent, and being, under the surface, a serious-minded little thing, she devotes all her energies and courage to getting proof of her friend's innocence.

James Kirkwood plays the district attorney baffled by the charm of Daisy Royle, who is able to bring the haughty Calvin to her feet.

W. C. Fields amuses as Daisy's father, who is fond of his liquor.

MIKE

Directed by Marshall Neilan A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

"Mike".....*Sally O'Neill*
Harlan.....*William Haines*
Father.....*Charles Murray*
Slinky.....*Ned Sparks*
Tad.....*Ford Sterling*
Boy.....*Frankie Darro*

THIS latest picture from the megaphone of Marshall Neilan may be lacking in the brilliance and dramatic values that usually characterize the pictures of this director. But it has to carry off not only a good share of laugh-provoking moments and human-interest stuff, but the tremendous magnetism of a newcomer to the screen—Sally O'Neill, a pint-size charmer whom I think you will find irresistible.

Sally O'Neill

Sally O'Neill is as effervescent and fresh as a bottle of spring water. Sparkling, dainty, provocative, pretty, and adorable, she charms her way through this picture as Mike, daughter of a railroad construction boss, whose home is a box car made into a cottage and dressed up in geraniums.

Sally doesn't need to be dressed up in diamonds and velvets, nor even in rhinestones and velveteens. Just a pair of overalls, a shirt, and a boy's cap, and her magnetic personality stands out like a beacon light. Only in one scene does she wear skirts, and then it is a simple old-fashioned gown, her mother's wedding dress. In it she is as demure and winsome and delicate as a spring flower. William Haines is the masculine charmer in this picture. He is Harlan, innocent ex-jail resident who gets a job in Mike's father's gang and falls in love with Mike. He has his difficulties when an official finds out that he has been in jail, but in the end he proves himself.

William Haines

Charles Murray is an entertaining father whose chief pleasure in life is the town saloon (the picture is set in the good old days when a man could carry a flat-shaped bottle in his hip pocket and not feel nervous when he saw a cop).

He and his side kick, Ford Sterling, furnish a laughable scene when they try to get home on a Saturday night and upon asking their way of a stranger are told to follow the wall on the left. This wall happens to be a water tower or gas tank, and so, when the two have followed it for hours they have not progressed far.

There is a charming little scene around the family duck which Mike has decided to sacrifice because she discovers that her sweetheart is fond of duck dinners. But papa shoots off the gun in the air and gets the duck from a dining-car kitchen. The duck comes waddling in during dinner when the children have just about decided that they can't eat their pet.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

GENERAL LINCOLN C. ANDREWS, chief of the National Prohibition Enforcement legions, pays an official visit to the Washington dog pound in search of hard characters. The Government has experienced great difficulty in gathering a sufficient force of men who are unfeeling enough to smash confiscated champagne and rare wines.

ENVOYS FROM THE HEJAZ TO THE WORLD COURT FOR ETERNAL PEACE AND BROTHERLY LOVE have narrow escape in train near Damascus when bridge is slightly blown up by the French Army.

DEMPSEY AT LAST MEETS WILLS. Recent reports in the press are explained by this view of the Champ being presented to the tennis star by Tex Rickard.

POOR PICKINGS FOR SUPER-PATRIOTS. A crisis session of the American Defense Society trying desperately to think up something from which to defend America.

TOUCHING CAMERA STUDY OF FAMOUS COMEDIAN AS PROUD FATHER. Mr. Charles Chaplin, on a visit to his home in Beverly Hills, noted with pardonable pride that his son has learned to walk.

The Homemade Jelly Roll *with* Variations

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE successful jelly, log-cabin, or marshmallow roll requires deftness but its technique is not hard to master through study and practice. It consists of nothing more than a simple butter sponge cake rolled with a butter cream filling—both very common, though they seem quite new in this guise. The butter sponge variation is required for a log roll, since the butter cream filling would melt on a hot cake and all plain sponge cakes must be rolled while hot. This special butter sponge differs from the others in that the added butter softens the cake and permits rolling after cooling.

All the other recipes given here belong in the plain sponge cake group and it is essential that these cakes be completely rolled while they are still warm, for on cooling the crusts crisp slightly, resulting in a cracked rather than an evenly rolled form. Anyone who can master the basic sponge cake itself can learn the trick of rolling the cake.

You will doubtless be proud of your feat, for what is more welcomed in these delicatessen days than the homemade jelly roll, a treat in itself, which, plus coffee or other favorite beverage, completes a party menu simple but de luxe?

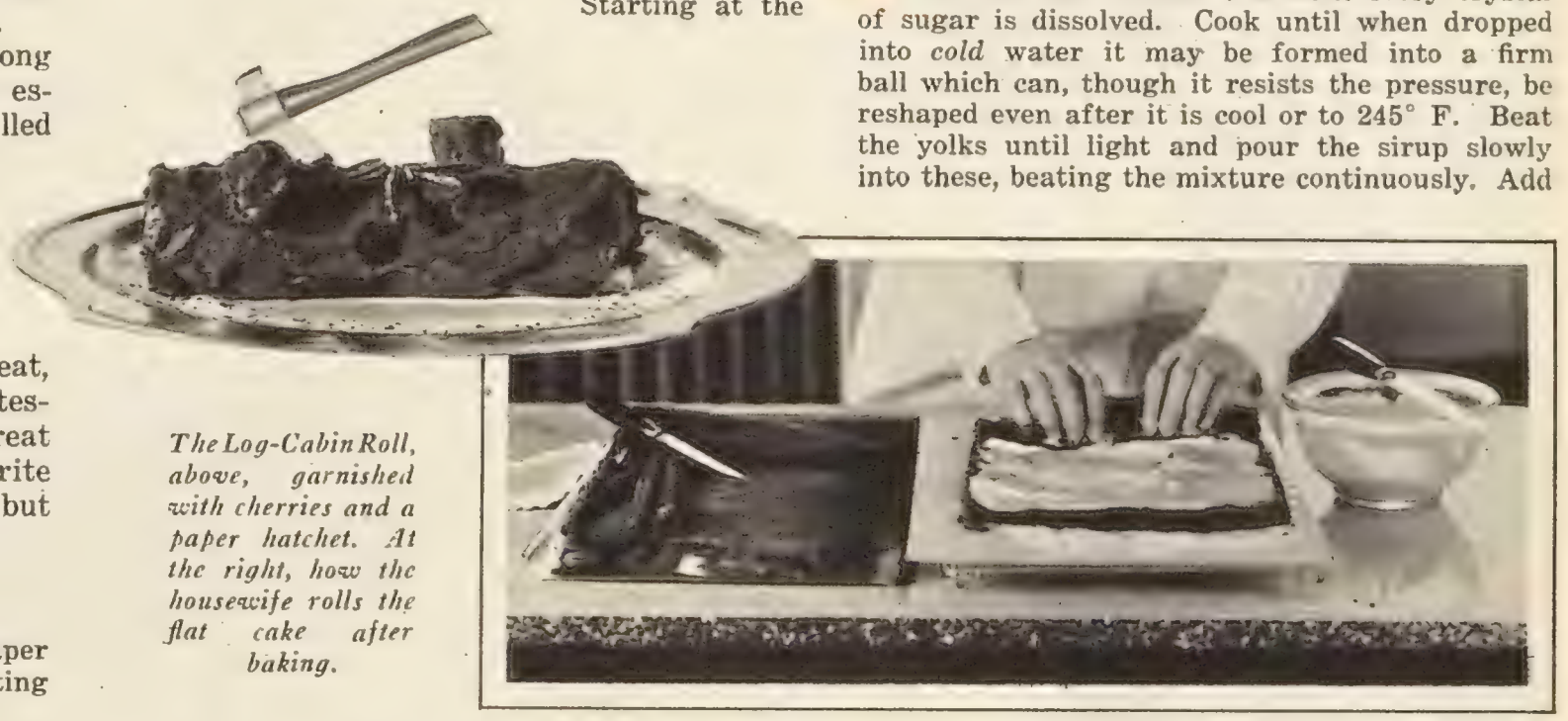
Possible Hazards

1. Line the baking pan with a greased paper sheet to protect the lower layer from the crusting effect of the oven flame.
2. Spread the cake in a thin sheet not over one-fourth inch in thickness.
3. Bake the cake in a slow oven (325° F.) until only a delicate brown so as to eliminate as much crusting as possible.
4. Upon removal from the oven quickly cut off all crust formations.
5. Spread the cool filling over the hot cake very quickly so as to cool the cake as little as possible.
6. Roll the cake while still hot, as cooling permits a crisping of the edges.
7. Roll tightly with a firm, evenly exerted pressure, holding the fingers well distributed throughout the length of the cake.

Jelly Roll

3 egg whites
3 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup pastry flour
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

BEAT the egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Gradually beat in one-half of the sugar, using a mechanical egg-beater. Add the lemon juice and grated rind. Beat the egg whites until frothy, add the salt, beat until stiff, and cut and fold the remaining sugar into them, using a wire whisk. Gradually sift the thrice sifted flour into the egg-yolk-sugar mixture, alternating each addition of the dry ingredients with one of the egg-white mixture. Mix these by cutting and folding with an egg whisk. Pour out on a greased paper in a sheet pan. Spread evenly to a one-fourth-inch thickness. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes or until the cake surface springs back to position when lightly touched in the center. Remove the cake from the oven and turn out on a fresh towel or piece of waxed paper that has been sprinkled with confectioner's sugar. Pull off the protecting greased paper and quickly remove any crust formations on the edges. Spread the cake quickly with one-half to one cup of jelly or any other desired filling. Starting at the smaller or more ragged end, roll up the cake tightly, using a firm, evenly distributed pressure. (Amateurs may find lifting the paper or towel as a support to the cake a decided help in starting the roll.) If necessary, secure the roll with fine skewers until cooled. Dust the outside with confectioner's sugar.



The Log-Cabin Roll, above, garnished with cherries and a paper hatchet. At the right, how the housewife rolls the flat cake after baking.

Log-Cabin Roll

4 egg yolks
3 egg whites
2/3 cup flour
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla

BEAT the egg yolks until light and lemon-colored. Gradually beat in one-half of the sugar. Beat thoroughly with a mechanical egg-beater. Beat the egg white frothy and add the salt. Beat until stiff enough to hold their shape, then fold in the remaining sugar. Alternately sift in a small quantity of flour and add a portion of the egg-white mixture, folding these into the yolk mixture. Lastly, fold in the butter, which has been melted and *slightly* cooled. Pour into a greased paper in a sheet pan and bake seven to eight minutes in a hot oven (415° F.). Remove the cake from the pan and turn it upside down on a cake rack to cool, letting the cake cool with the pan still on it so that the crusts, if any have been formed, will be steamed soft. When *cold* cut off any crisp edges and a two-inch strip from one end of the cake. Spread the cake with part of the chocolate cream filling and roll as for jelly roll. Cover the outside with the reserved portion of the filling. Roll up the two-inch strip cut from the cake exactly as the larger roll was rolled, and cut the piece into two stumps at oblique angles, and apply these in natural positions on the log. Rough the outer coating of filling to represent bark.

Chocolate Cream Filling

⅜ cup sugar
1/16 teaspoon cream of tartar
⅜ cup water
3 egg yolks
1 oz. melted chocolate
1/3 cup butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

MIX the sugar, water, and cream of tartar. Put on the fire and stir until every crystal of sugar is dissolved. Cook until when dropped into *cold* water it may be formed into a firm ball which can, though it resists the pressure, be reshaped even after it is cool or to 245° F. Beat the yolks until light and pour the sirup slowly into these, beating the mixture continuously. Add the melted chocolate. Set the bowl in a pan of ice water and beat the mixture until very stiff, working in the creamed butter a spoonful at a time. Continue until the frosting will hold its shape.

Chocolate Marshmallow Roll

3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons water
½ cup pastry flour
¼ cup cocoa
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

MIX as for jelly roll, adding the water in place of the lemon juice and sifting the cocoa with the flour. Bake as for jelly roll and fill with marshmallow filling before rolling up.

Marshmallow Filling

30 marshmallows
3 tablespoons cold water
1 egg white
1½ cups confectioner's sugar

PUT one-half of the marshmallows in a double boiler over hot water and cut the remainder into small pieces. When the first marshmallows are softened add the egg white, sugar, and water. Beat over boiling water th a mechanical egg-beater seven minutes (it is important that the boiler is not too large or the beating action will not be complete). Remove from the fire, add the remaining marshmallows by folding the mixture over them. Fold and stir until the filling is cool and stiff enough to hold its shape. Use as a filling or frosting.

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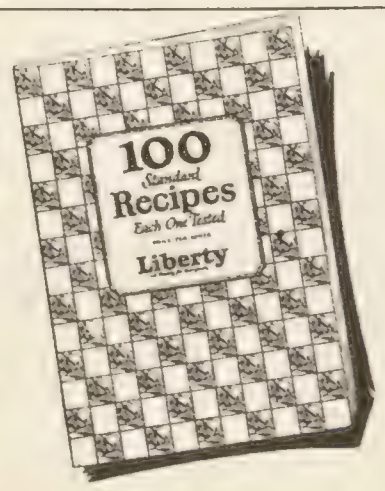

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2-27-26

Hinkey of YALE

A Story of the Biggest Little Man in Football History

By

Hugh Fullerton

Frank Hinkey at the start of a brilliant football career at Yale that made him a national figure.

HINKEY of Yale is dead.

The oddest, shyest, most saturnine, perhaps the most misunderstood and certainly one of the bravest figures of the athletic world, the greatest football end of all time, the man who, according to Yale tradition, never permitted a runner to gain ground around his end in four seasons, finally allowed Death to score.

Late in the evening of December 29, from his bed in a sanitarium at Southern Pines, North Carolina, Hinkey wrote a telegram to George T. Adee of New York, who back in the brave days played quarterback on his teams, and said:

"Charon is at the crossing."

Just twelve hours later Hinkey's clutch, which had held death off through twelve years, slipped and the grim reaper fell on him.

Hinkey was one of the queerest personalities in the history of athletics. Probably the most hated and abused player that ever lived—and the most adored and beloved by those who knew him best. He never took the trouble to explain, to apologize, or to contradict charges. A hero, probably the greatest Yale ever had, he wandered through the campus singularly alone, avoiding those who tried to admire him, repulsing those who would have been his chums. He was known only to those who fought for years alongside him in the most desperate football games in history. He had fewer friends than the newest freshmen. The few who managed to break through the crust of hardness under which he hid a sensitive and proud spirit loved him as few men have been loved and clung to him until the end, through a life marred by illness and disappointments.

Just a few weeks before his death Frank Butterworth, who played alongside him in many games, and George Adee, who for four years played quarterback, went down to Southern Pines to see him. He was in bed, where for two and a half years he had battled tuberculosis.

As they were gripping his hand in farewell they knew the chances were they never would meet again. The men who had battled through the bloodiest and fiercest games of football history, who had clung together and treasured the memory of college days, choked up as they tried to smile. Hinkey's veneer of hardness cracked. His voice grew huskier, and suddenly tears welled out from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He gulped as he dashed away the tears and said:

"Damn that medicine. It's full of dope and makes my eyes water."

That was Hinkey; the saturnine, the desperate, the cold-blooded; the man whose playing caused the editorial writer of the New York *Post* back in 1894 to write:

"No father or mother worthy the name would permit a son to associate with the set of Yale brutes on Hinkey's football team."

It is rather hard to reconstruct a character such as Frank Hinkey, because at Yale, and through the other colleges, traditions, most of them untrue, have grown up around him. One pictures him as murderous, merciless, brutal; another as shy, disliking praise, avoiding publicity, but loyal and devoted to his friends.

Hinkey remained always a sort of man of mystery.

It was in 1889 that a light, wiry, quiet little fellow went to Andover to enter the great preparatory school. He hailed from Tonawanda, New York. He weighed about 125 pounds, looked slight and unfit for a game as rough as the football of that day. When the call came for candidates for the first-year team the boy appeared in a makeshift uniform, was sent to an end position, and suddenly metamorphosed from a silent, almost shrinking "new kid" to a fighting, determined, fierce-tackling bundle of nerves and nerve.

His fame spread beyond the prep-school limits, and when in 1891 Yale was preparing its team for the season the news that Hinkey of Andover would join the squad filled the coaches with joy. The coaching system of those days was different from that of today.

Walter Camp was head of the system and twenty or more old players returned each fall to work with the players in each position. There were Billy Rhoades, '91; Ray Tompkins, '84; Dr. John A. Hartwell, '89, Shef, who came back to take medicine, Kit Wallace, '89; Howard Knapp, McClung, Vance McCormick—heroes of the moleskins of previous years, who considered it part of their duty to help Yale.

One day there appeared on the field a light

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Excess Weight

Can be eliminated, as millions are now doing. No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply correct the internal cause in this easy, pleasant way.

Few are Fat

In these modern days

Note how slenderness prevails in every circle nowadays. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was. Every idea of beauty, health and fitness calls for normal weight, and people are conforming.

All must realize that a new factor has appeared. People have found an easy, pleasant way to reduce, a scientific way. And the over-fat by millions are now gaining normal weight.

This is to tell you that method, to offer a test at our cost, then under our guarantee. You owe to yourself this knowledge if you suffer overweight.

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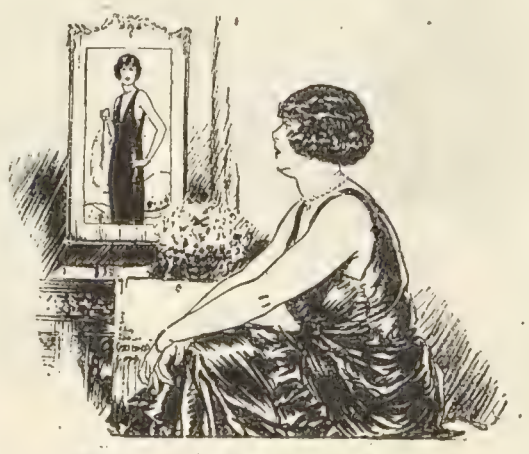
The reduction is not rapid. It rarely exceeds one pound per day, as advised by the best authorities. Then the body can adjust itself to the new conditions. Wrinkles are not created. The amount of reduction is always at your command. Go your own way as regards exercise and diet. Rely on Marmola to correct any abnormal condition.



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1922

[HINKEY OF YALE Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

fellow who held back and seemed to hesitate about approaching the coaches. He seemed so light and inoffensive the coaches hesitated whether to let him keep a uniform. He went to end and McClung, who was heavy, fast, and Yale's most powerful plunger, started around that end. There was a snakelike dart, a pair of cast-steel arms gripped McClung's legs, and he was thrown backward toward his own goal. He tried again and again—and each time that pair of unavoidable arms came through the interference and dragged the great Yale captain down.

McClung was not only jarred but impressed. Before the practice ended there was no doubt that Hinkey, who then weighed 135 pounds, had made the team. Probably no candidate for a football team ever made it quite as thoroughly as Frank Hinkey did. He not only won a regular position at end, but he won both positions. Crosby and Josh Harwell were the veteran ends. Hinkey not only won the position from Crosby but he forced Harwell from left end to right and assumed the leadership of both attack and defense.

THE four years of Hinkey's reign in football are the most glorious in Yale's football history—years filled with desperate conflicts and bitter controversies, all centering around Hinkey, the silent. He played on the teams of 1891-92-93-94, and was All-American end on Camp's team all four years. No man and no team ever achieved the feats of Hinkey's teams. In four years Yale scored 1606 points to its opponents' 26. The team was scored on six times: Princeton, Harvard, and Pennsylvania each scored a touchdown; Army, Brown, and Harvard each scored by kicks. Only one game in all that time did Yale lose: that in 1893 when Hinkey's team was beaten by Princeton 6 to 0.

In that game Hinkey, who according to Yale tradition never was hurt, had been kicked in the head and played through in dazed condition and not until long after the final whistle blew did he know his team had met defeat.

Those were the days of the giants at New Haven, giants in stature led by one of the lightest of the team. There were great players in the four years. His first year as a freshman, Hinkey played with the giant Pudge Heffelfinger and Yale coaches even today cannot decide whether Heffelfinger, Hinkey, or Coy was Yale's greatest football hero. McClung, Winter, Wallace, the late Colonel Greenway, Vance McCormick, Stillman, Brink Thorne, Frank Butterworth, George Adee, a dozen other great stars, played, with always the little, fighting,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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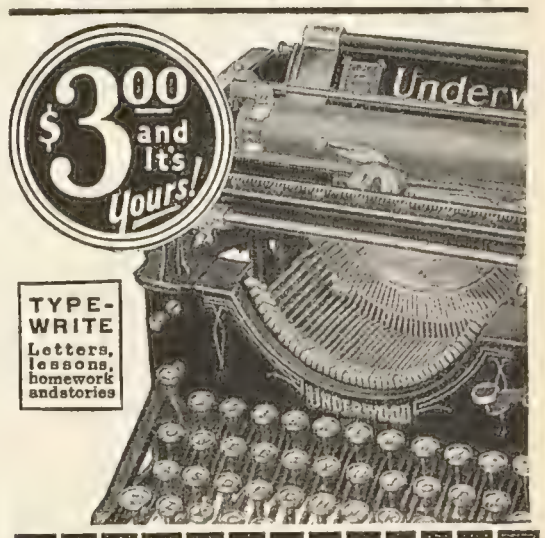

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

grim-faced Hinkey as the soul and spirit of the team.

In 1891 Yale scored 491 points to 0 for the opponents; in 1892, 368 points to 0; in 1893, 326 to 12, and in Hinkey's final year, 421 to 14. Hinkey was captain in 1893 and 1894, playing outside the giant Beard, who weighed 210 pounds.

A HARD driver, fierce and impatient, Hinkey tried every way to prevent Beard from crashing into interference and putting himself out of the plays, and finally, irritated, he deliberately kicked the 210-pound tackle as he stooped over and threatened to kick him off the field.

Modern football fans, perhaps, cannot appreciate the fierceness and the viciousness of football in those days. Yale played twelve or more games a year; in 1894 the team played fourteen games and, save one or two light practice games, Hinkey was in every game—and almost in every scrimmage. It was the day of battering-line plunging, mass-formation plays, and how a man who, at his best, weighed but 144 pounds could stand the hammering and could meet and overthrow men of over 200 is hard to understand. Yet Hinkey never was out of a game through injuries, and it is tradition that he never tackled a runner without throwing him back toward his own goal.

Hinkey during the glorious Yale football season of 1892

When he became captain the growing hatred of Yale among the beaten colleges increased and was centered upon the silent, taciturn fellow who, in action, looked like a fiend, and whose fierce tackles broke the spirit of other teams.

Yet every man who played under Hinkey knows that, brief as his talks to the team were, they always ended: "If you can't win by fair means—don't win at all—but you've got to win."

At that time, unfortunately, several newspapers were engaged in a crusade against football, charging that it was murderous, brutal, and dangerous. Hinkey's name became a synonym for vicious football. There were two games played during those four years that will go down in history, the game between Yale and Pennsylvania played in New York in 1893, and the game between Yale and Harvard played at Springfield in 1894.

That Pennsylvania game came near destroying football. Perhaps never have two teams fought as desperately or as mercilessly. Penn had a powerful, determined team, primed to beat Hinkey's unbeatable eleven. It happened that a football genius had arisen at Harvard, a man who was not a player. His name was Deland; Lorin Deland, who had added to his fame by becoming the husband of Margaret Deland, the writer. He invented the flying wedge, which became the man-trampling play of football. It was a combination of pile driver and buffalo herd stampede. Harvard had used it against Yale from the kickoff, and although he never had seen it before, Hinkey solved the play after seeing it twice.

"Don't crash into it, let the interference go past," he ordered, and Yale, letting the Harvard interference sweep past, tore in from behind and stopped the play.

This play invented by Deland was improved upon by this great Pennsylvania team, which commenced forming the flying wedge from line of scrimmage, by dropping linesmen back to form a wedge with the backs and massing against an end or tackle.

There was bitter feeling, much talk and boasting prior to the meeting of Penn and Yale in New York. Suddenly Penn cut loose its flying wedge and sent the play again and again over the Yale ends and tackles, crushing them. Hinkey had solved the play and was screaming orders for his men to let the interference pass and get the man. But in five plays Penn carried the ball over Yale's line and the crowd went wild, thinking at last Yale was beaten. Hinkey was raving, threatening his own men, screaming orders, and suddenly Yale braced and commenced the fiercest fight of the year. From that on the game was a slaughter. Perhaps no more vicious struggle ever was seen on a gridiron.

OFFICIALS were almost helpless. Neither side gave nor asked quarter, but fought to exhaustion or until removed from the game because of injuries. The stretcher-bearers were busy—and the Yale team emerged from the combat victors, but terribly crippled.

The New York *World's* description of that game would make good reading for moderns. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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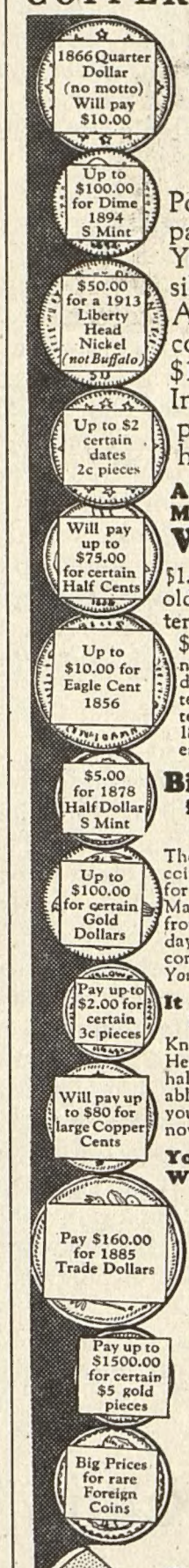

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[HINKEY OF YALE
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

World was then engaged in proving the game to be brutal—and according to the description one would imagine the officials had to call time while ground-keepers dipped up buckets of blood and the surgeons worked at amputations on the side-lines.

Exaggerated as the accounts were, there is no doubt that the game was the fiercest fought in modern times, and of the sixteen injured, eleven were Yale men. Penn lost the game, but was six up on serious injuries, according to the accounts. This is not counting Frank Butterworth, who emerged with teeth marks in his back where a Penn player had tried to bite a steak out of him.

THE game caused such bitterness that Yale severed athletic relations with Penn and never played them again until last fall.

The Yale-Harvard game of 1894—the climax of Hinkey's great career—was another desperate struggle. During that fierce fight Wrightington of Harvard suffered a broken collar bone and Harvard charged that Hinkey had purposely broken the bone to weaken the Crimson team. The truth of the matter is that Hinkey had broken through and downed Wrightington, tackling him about the knees. The Harvard player attempted to shake loose and crawl forward and the giant Beard dropped with his knees in front to stop the crawl, and broke the Harvard man's collar bone.

Hinkey made no denial of the accusation, but Yale was so wrought up over the persistent charges against Hinkey that it demanded a withdrawal of the charge and a formal apology from Harvard. This Harvard refused to do—athletic relations were broken off and for two years Yale refused to play Harvard.

So great was the feeling against Hinkey outside of Yale and so great the adoration of his fellows that Yale alumni decided to recognize the situation, and toward the end of his college career a great banquet was given in his honor as a testimonial of the belief of Yale men that the charges were untrue. At that banquet player after player, every man who had played with Hinkey in the four years, arose and declared they never had seen Hinkey do a mean or unsportsmanlike thing on the football field.

Sheppard Homans, Princeton's famous "Shep," counted one of the greatest fullbacks of his day, now a resident of Englewood, N. J., played against Frank Hinkey twice. He was asked how Hinkey tackled.

"Like a fiend," he said. "I don't remember any particular tackle he made on me. Poe and I had a play around end and I remember we never got past Hinkey either in 1891 or 1892. He came low, and hard, with arms stretched out, and the next thing a fellow knew he was past the interference, grabbed you low, and stopped you in your tracks or threw you backward.

Frank Hinkey, as captain of the 1894 Yale team, which beat Harvard in fierce struggle.

"He tackled clean, played clean. Princeton never had a complaint against him. I believe he and Poe were the hardest tacklers the game ever knew."

Hinkey was graduated with average standing and during his entire college career never was in scholastic troubles. Neither did he seek high standing. After graduation he went West and was superintendent of an industry in Iowa. His health, never robust, was threatened, and the beginning of tuberculosis was evident.

In 1912, when Yale's football prestige was threatened, Hinkey was summoned back to coach the teams. Instead of being out of date Hinkey was still years ahead of Eastern football. He who was largely responsible for the use of the lateral pass had seen the pass used in the West and came back determined to bring Yale up to date. He revolutionized Yale football methods and strove to teach the modern game.

The first year he was fairly successful, but the resentment of the Old Guard and the Down Town Athletic Association against modern football was so bitter that before the next year he was undermined until his task was a hopeless one.

He finally settled in a little Illinois village called Morrisonville, where he had found his bride. Nearly three years ago his health failed utterly, and tuberculosis seized upon him. The fact is he had the disease for a long time, and kept silent. Finally he went to Southern Pines to a sanitarium and commenced the long fight to get well. There were times when he seemed to have the battle won. He kept the fact of his illness secret, but some of his closest friends learned of his condition and sought him out.

Frank Butterworth, Yale hero who played with him; George Adee, who served beside him for four years; Walter T. (Dutch) Carter, Yale's great pitcher, who roomed with him at Yale, and others knew of it and that his case was hopeless.

There is something beautiful in the friendships formed in the college days and among men who had fought together for a cause. The old mates kept the secret well, but frequently by ones or twos they would journey down into North Carolina to spend a day or two trying to cheer Hinkey.

Shortly before last Christmas Adee and Butterworth made a trip to Southern Pines and spent the day with Hinkey, talking over the brave days when they wore the moleskins and the blue of Yale, and told Hinkey about the team in its fortunes.

THEY had tickets and reservations to go with a party and see him again early in January, and then just at the end of the year came the telegram:

"Charon is at the crossing."

And lying beside it was another telegram from the doctor saying: "Hinkey died this morning."

So Hinkey of Yale, with Charon at the bow, crossed the dark river to a land where his brave, shy spirit will be understood, and where it will be recorded that he fought a hard and a fair fight.

THE END

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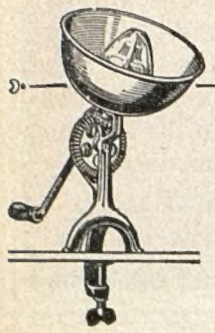

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